McKean County Miner.

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BIG REPUBLICAN JOLLIFICATION IN BRADFORD.

State Candidates Given a Rousing Welcome Tuesday Evening.

THEY ALSO VISITED SMETHPORT.

Hon. John K. Tener, Candidate for Governor, Gives His Views on Tariff on Oil—Suggests Improvements to State Highways—An Able Address—Other Speakers Discuss State Issues—Crowds Hear the Orators in Bradford—Was in Smethport Yesterday.

The enthusiasm, says the Bradford Era, that marked the arrival of Hon. John K. Tener, Republican candidate for governor; John M. Reynolds, candidate for lieutenant governor; Hon. Henry Houck candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs; Hon. Fred M. Wright, candidate for State Treasurer, and the campaign speakers, William I. Shafter and Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart and Gabriel H. Moyer, the latter campaign manager, at 6:45 o'clock Tuesday evening, continued unabated during the evening and until the various candidates and others retired to their rooms at the St. James hotel.

The party came from Kane where the host received an ovation by the people. When the B., R. & P. train stopped there was a large crowd on the platform and the Citizen's band discoursed music. Red fire was burned and the scene was one of much enthusiasm especially as the party passed up Main street headed by the band, from the train to the St. James hotel. Here too, there was a large crowd of people. Along the line of march it was a noticeable fact that Hon. John K. Tener was no stranger within this city. Frequently someone would call out, "Hello, Bill," and others would shout, "What's the matter with Tener, he's all right." At intervals along the street there was considerable hand clapping as the candidates passed through the throng.

After a few friends and members of the county committee had greeted the candidates, dinner was served and at 8 o'clock after the Citizens' band had rendered a number of splendid selections, County Chairman Habgood and Hon. John K. Tener appeared in the band stand. The crowd was very large and at the appearance of the candidate for governor the people—men, women and children crowded up on the band stand eager to catch every word that was said.

Chairman Habgood with a few remarks introduced the speakers. Hon. John K. Tener, the candidate for governor, was the first speaker.

Candidate Tener paused for a moment for the applause to subside after which he said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Certainly I glad to-night to be in Bradford. It is not my first visit, but one of many pleasant visits to your city.

After a few preliminary remarks, the speaker caused a hit by his reference to tariff on oil. He said, in part:

Tariff on Oil.

I want to say here in Bradford that during the special session of Congress which was called for the purpose of revising the tariff one of the schedules in which we were all interested was that of oil, and I with other Pennsylvanian representatives was one of the few who voted for a tariff on oil, and I am very glad that I did so, and under similar circumstances would do so again, for the reason that while men considered a tariff on oil a protection to a certain trust, I feel that I know the business well enough to know that to get a duty on oil was simply to save us from the foreign markets, and especially from the threatened invasion of our markets by our neighbors of the south especially Mexico. Hence I was very glad to join those intelligent men, among them your own good townsman, Senator Emery, in an endeavor to secure a duty on oil.

The State Highways.

I believe that there is an opportunity to make a betterment in our state highway department, not that I want to criticise that department at this time, because they have probably done all that was possible for them to do with the small appropriation that they received, but I would favor larger appropriations so that the improvement of our roads might be carried on under a comprehensive system and on a larger scale, and that as soon as possible we might have improved roads that are passable 12 months in the year. What I mean by a comprehensive system of road improvement is that we should also undertake when we build a road to ever afterward maintain it at the State's expense.

I further believe that in order to take this State stand, as it should, the very foremost State in the Union, that we should undertake great improvements not only in the east, not only in the west, but throughout the center of the State.

They Visit Smethport.

Although it was not down on the program Hon. John K. Tener and party visited this place for a short time yesterday morning. The party, which was composed of Hon. John K. Tener, Hon. M. Reynolds, Auditor General Hon. J. Stewart, Hon. W. J. Shaffer, Hon. W.H. Gaither, Hon. Gabriel H. Moyer, Hon. Sam. Hamilton, Charles Patton, Hon. R. P. Habgood, county chairman, Al. Evans, secretary to the county committee and the following special correspondents: Walter J. Christy, Pittsburg Gazette-Times; Harry McGavitt, Philadelphia Press; Charles Campbell, Philadelphia Inquirer; E. L. Martin, Philadelphia North American, and W. W. Velzer of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The party arrived here at 9:30 in automobiles owned by Samuel E. Bell and Horace B. Redfield, Republican candidates for members of assembly, and F. H. Reed of Bradford. The hour was spent in front of the postoffice where they met a good many voters of this place and vicinity.

Mr. Tener is a broad gauge man in every respect, being about six feet four inches in height and weighing upwards of 250 pounds. He is a man of pleasing ways, unusually sociable and he and his fellow candidates made many friends here.

They left here at 10:30 for Port Allegany where they took the flyer for Emporium. They returned in the afternoon to Port Allegany where they made a short stay and had an informal reception.

SHOT FOR A SQUIRREL.

Bradford Boy Receives Painful Injuries to His Arm.

The Bradford Sunday Herald says: Arthur Sink, a youth of 14 years of age, who resides on Seward avenue, was accidentally shot by another lad at Bolivar Run, late yesterday afternoon and the unfortunate young man is at the hospital with an arm full of shot.

It was a very peculiar accident but the boy was lucky that he fared no worse. He went to Bolivar yesterday to get chestnuts and it was while he was in a chestnut tree that he was shot. The other boy was in the woods hunting squirrels. The hunter spied young Sink's arm wrapped around the tree, the rest of his body being hidden from view because he was on the opposite side of the trunk of the tree from the hunter. Mistaking the arm of the black shirt for a squirrel, the hunter raised his gun and fired, the lad receiving the shot in his arm.

Word was sent to this city and Dr. Guy Ash went to Bolivar in his auto and brought the lad to this city and took him to the hospital where he dressed his wounds. The arm is filled with over 100 shot but apparently will suffer no bad effects from the accident.

CHILD'S ACCIDENT RECORD.

Edna Rees of Farmers Valley Meets With Many Mishaps.

Edna, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rees of Farmers Valley, has a record during her brief career that is hard to beat and luck seems to be with her or she would not be on earth, the bright healthy child she is to-day.

Here is a brief synopsis of her mishaps up to date: When a mere infant she fell out of the cradle with a pair of shears in her hands and cut an ugly gash in her neck, which nearly cost her her life. At nine months she got a box of strychnine pills and took several, her life this time being saved by prompt action. When three years old she fell out of a window, 12 feet to the ground, and got up smiling. She was kicked by a horse in the head when four years of age and dangerously injured. At five years she had pneumonia. She fell in the creek and was nearly drowned. The following year she had pneumonia again. And recently she fell off the end of a dock into Conesus Lake and again narrowly escaped drowning.

PLATE GLASS FACTORY BURNED AT JAMES CITY.

Big Plan of American Company Destroyed Tuesday Evening.

DAMAGED PLACED AT $750,000.

Was Insured for $350,000—Flames Originated in the Pit—Assistance is Furnished by Kane Firemen and Apparatus—May Rebuild.

Kane, Pa., Oct. 15.—(Special to the Era)—The plant of the American Plate Glass Works, located at James City, three miles from this city, one of the largest plants of the kind in the country, was totally destroyed by fire which started at 7 o'clock this evening. All that remains is the power house.

To-night the loss is estimated at $750,000, with insurance of about $350,000. A meeting of the board of directors will be held Thursday morning, when it is expected that the officials will decide to rebuild.

As a result of the fire, from 375 to 400 men and boys, mostly men, will be thrown out of employment. The plant was operated night and day and was very busy.

It is thought that the fire originated in what is known as the pit and spread with great rapidity. A call for assistance was sent to Kane and within a comparatively short time a special train was provided and with considerably fire apparatus and a number of firemen, the run to James City was made in record breaking time, but the fire was then beyond control. The plant destroyed included the main works, the casting plant, the melting section, furnace, cutting and stock rooms, the warehouses, offices, etc. There was a large amount of stock on hand and the loss on contents of the plant was heavy.

There was a strong wind blowing during the progress of the flames and the fire fighters were unable to do much but stand by and watch the valuable property consumed by fire.

The stockholders include the Griffeys of Kane and Bradford and many others.

The loss by the fire is keenly felt both at James City and in this city, as its operations meant much to the business interests.

No one was injured during the destruction of the plant.

A POKER STORY.

A Smethport Player Puts One Over on Some Bradford Sports.

A clever little poker story which has the advantage of being true has recently leaked out and is so good that we feel that we must tell it.

A few weeks ago a Smethport young man went over to Bradford on a fraternal visit and after business was over for the evening he was one of a party formed for a little social game of poker. Dame Fortune is a fickle jade and nearly all through the game she had only frowns for the man from the county seat, and about the time the sun was peeping over the mountains at the placid Tuna the hero of this story was three several semolions to the bad as those who indulge in the game use the expression, whatever it may mean.

The time was drawing near for the game to break up that he might catch his train and he decided to take some desperate chances. A big pot was opened and although the visitor only had a three-straight flush open in the middle he took a chance and filled. One of the others in this pot made "fours" and as there was one or two other good hands out you can imagine his clean-up if you are familiar with the game and if you are not this story will not interest you anyway.

Bottle Blowers, Attention!

A correspondent says: 25 cents buys two bottles filled with beer, or twice as many filled with milk! If a father buys the beer, his children go without the milk. The beer makes the father's work worth less money, injures his health and shortens his life. So his family eats potatoes and plain bread without canned fruit and jelly. No fruit jars and jelly glasses required for bread and potatoes.

Lost.

A yearling heifer, brindle in color, has been lost. Information concerning the same will be cheerfully received at this office. Oct. 6-tf.

WELLMAN'S AIR-SHIP WRECKED IN THE ATLANTIC.

The "America" Crew was Picked Up Tuesday Morning.

HAD SAILED ABOUT 800 MILES.

Kept in the Air Seventy-Two Hours But Finally Had to Give Up—No one Was Injured—Dirigible is Adrift at Sea—Wellman Will Try Again.

Walter Wellman and his crew of five men and a kitten, who started on Saturday morning in a dirigible airship to cross the Atlantic was picked up early Tuesday morning by the crew of the Steamship Trent, one hundred and fifty miles due east of Cape Hatteras, on the North Carolina coast. The following wireless tells the tale:

On-board Steamship Trent, at Sea, Oct. 19—By United Wireless:

We sighted the airship at 5 a. m. Tuesday. She signalled us by the Morse code, and the wireless played a wonderful part in requesting me to stand by her till daylight. We kept about close by her till dawn broke, when she signalled that she could not launch her life boat and asked me to keep close in order that a line might be attached. We made several futile attempts to attach a line, then the America wirelessed that she would come down to the water as soon as possible and drop her boat if I could stand by and pick the boat up.

Meanwhile our life-boats kept as close to the airship as possible, and finally she got all the men in her boat and cut adrift at a height of about five feet from the water.

This proved successful. The America immediately rose in the air and shortly afterward, at 8 o'clock, I had the pleasure of welcoming on board Mr. Wellman and his five lieutenants and a cat which seemed little the worse for its air experiences. I then picked up the boat and proceeded.

Wellman and his crew are honored guests on board. After a wash and a brush up they ate a hearty breakfast. The America was abandoned in latitude 35.18 north, longitude 68.16 west, ten miles from Sandy Hook, and the craft is now having a great time among the clouds. The America was making a speed of about eight knots when abandoned and when released drifted to the westward. Her motor had been broken and Wellman was out of his course. All hands were mighty glad of being rescued.

Wellman's Story.

"I am going to cross the Atlantic in a dirigible. This failure has spurred me to higher ambitions. Equilibrists disabled the America. That was the one fatal error despite the plan is good in theory and worked well on the first attempt to reach the pole. A new type is necessary. Even while the America is drifting a hopeless wreck above us, Vaniman and I discussed what is needed. We have decided and will get busy as soon as possible."

Standing before his shipmates in the dining saloon Walter Wellman declared his determination and confidence. All the crew are in excellent spirits and do not feel the effects of their distressing experience. The cat "Mascot" seems the only sufferer. The women passengers insisted on petting her. A number became indignant when Irwin insisted on having kitty placed in a cage and demanded that the passengers quit trying to stuff it with delicacies. He claims it is his and he has been offered a small fortune for it but says it is not for sale. It will be kept as a mascot for the America II, when built.

Simon admitted to-day that if they had missed the Trent they probably all would have been drowned. He said, "Dawn was breaking when we sighted the Trent. The lookout caught our first signal. We were ordered to stand by if we needed assistance. After all were in the lifeboat, I jabbed a hole in the gas bag and we dropped into the ocean and cut the ropes of the dirigible, which relieved of its weight, shot skyward. After we were aboard we saw the remains of the dirigible disappear westward going twenty-five miles an hour."

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me. Oct. 6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

MRS. DAVID GARRICK.

Her Admiration for Her Husband's Talent.

Mrs. Garrick's admiration of her husband's dramatic talent was intense and on his great nights she would hang over her box, next to the stage, in rapturous delight. The one flaw in her idol, she claimed, was a taste for low life, for which she blamed him greatly, insisting that he loved better to play Scrub to a low audience than one of his superior characters before an audience of taste.

On one particular occasion she was in her box in the theatre when Garrick's impersonation of Richard III was applauded to the echo. In that day a farce followed the tragedy of the evening, and as Mrs. Garrick rose to leave before it, her husband came to the box to say he had some business in the greenroom which would detain him, so most unwillingly the lady was obliged to acquiesce and remain through the closing entertainment. This proved to be a comical series of blundering adventures which had befallen a countryman who had left his farm to see London and on his return gave his neighbors an account of the wonders he had seen.

This characterization was received with such applause that Mrs. Garrick ever jealous of her husband's fame, began to think it ridiculed those lately lavished on Richard III. Her feelings were hourly worked up to fever heat when she was attracted by the frantic efforts of her little spaniel dog to overleap the balcony that separated him from the stage, when she immediately became aware of the truth that the actor was Garrick and exclaimed, "Strange that a dog should know his master when the woman who loved him best in the world could not pierce his disguise."

The comedy "David Garrick" is written around a romantic experience in the life of this once famous actor who fell in love with a London society belle. This magnificent production will be presented at the Smethport Lyceum Oct 27th, and "Caste," Oct 28th.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

This Famous Woman Is Dead at 90 Years of Age.

One of the world's most famous women, the Venerable Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, poet and patriot and staunch advocate of human liberty, every where, passed peacefully away at her summer home, "Oak Glen," in Middletown, R. I., at 11:30 o'clock Monday forenoon. Mrs. Howe had been ill since Wednesday last, when she had a severe chill. Death was due to pneumonia. She was in her ninety-first year.

Just before losing consciousness Mrs. Howe spoke of the home for deaf mutes which her husband founded in Boston, and she repeated some words of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which she wrote and which immortalized her name.

Mrs. Howe's last appearance at a public function of importance, was at Smith college, Wednesday, October 5, when President Marion Leroy Burton was inaugurated. On that occasion the honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred on her.

One of the venerable woman's last appeals in the interest of humanity was made in May, when she appeared at the State house and asked the milk investigating committee of the legislature to take some action which should guarantee pure milk for infants.

One of Mrs. Howe's most notable platform efforts was made in 1906 when she was 87 years old. In a voice singularly clear and sweet she addressed a gathering of Boston Italians in their native tongue. The occasion was the four hundredth anniversary of the death of Columbus.

The Wright House Cafe.

Fresh lobsters and hardshell crabs are received every Thursday, and clams in shell and shell and bulk oysters are kept in stock all the time, together with all delicacies furnished in a first-class restaurant. Special attention given to theatre and private parties and the best of service guaranteed.

Pennsylvania type C, Four Cylinder Touring Car, 1909, Five Passenger. Cost fully equipped, $3500.00. Will sell for half. Run less than 6,000 miles. Tires new. Overhauled and repainted at factory last winter. Address MELVILLE GILLETT, Aug. 25-tf Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

A. B. HENRY'S AUTOMOBILE BURNED UP.

His "Buick" Was Destroyed on the Dugway Thursday Night.

WAS DRIVEN BY JOE DEVLIN.

Cause of the Fire a Mystery, as no Fire Was Around the Car—Mr. Henry Was Not With Car—Lose Partly Covered by Insurance.

A Buick Automobile owned by Arthur B. Henry of Bradford was destroyed by fire at about eleven o'clock last Thursday night on the Dugway, just outside of the [illegible] the Farmers Valley [illegible].

Mr. Henry and a party [illegible] over from Bradford [illegible] on their way to [illegible] some trouble [illegible] the car [illegible] way to Kane repaired to have repairs made. In the evening Joe Devlin took the car out while Mr. Henry and the others remained at the Hotel Imperial. About eleven o'clock Mr. Devlin came back and stated that the car was burning up below town.

Proprietor Geary drove over to the scene but it was a complete wreck by the time he arrived. Mr. Devlin states that the car ran all right while he was running it, without any apparent cause and that he was unable to put out the blaze, although he took off his coat and tried to smother it while the flames were confined to the hood and carburator. The flames kept spreading and when they became near the gasoline tank he gave it a wider berth for fear of an explosion.

The car was valued at about $800 and is practically a total loss. We understand, that Mr. Henry had $500 insurance on the machine.

STANLEY KETCHEL MURDERED.

Middle-Weight Champion Shot by a Ranch Hand Last Saturday.

Stanley Ketchel, [illegible] middle-weight pugilist, was shot and fatally wounded on the ranch of his friend, J. P. Dickerson, near Conway, 40 miles east of Springfield, Mo., by Walter A. Hartz, a ranch hand, from the effects of which he died at the Springfield hospital Saturday evening.

Hartz, whose real name is Digley, and is a deserter from the U. S. Navy, had words with Ketchel Friday over a woman named Mrs. Smith, of whom Hartz was jealous, and Saturday while Ketchel was eating breakfast alone he came into the dining room behind Ketchel and pointing a rifle at him ordered him to throw up his hands. Ketchel started to arise from his chair, but before he could turn around Hartz shot him below the right shoulder blade.

The murderer escaped and was captured on Monday at the home of Thomas Hoggart, who lives in the foothills of the Ozarks. He admitted the killing and claimed he did it in self defense. He had to be closely guarded to prevent his being lynched.

Stanley Ketchel, whose real name was Stanislaus Kiecal, was born 23 years ago at Grand Rapids, Mich. His first fight took place at Butte, Mont., May 2, 1903, when he knocked out "Kid" Tracy in one round. A few months later he defeated Mose LaFontise, in 24 rounds, in the same city.

The following year he engaged in 14 ring battles. Since then and up to the beginning of the present year he participated in 40 fights. In 1903 Jack Sullivan fought him 20 rounds to a draw and two years later Joe Thomas performed similarly. That year, however, he knocked out Thomas in a 32-round bout and in the latter fight secured the decision in 20 rounds.

Billie Papke in 1908 knocked him out in Los Angeles in 12 rounds, but three months later Ketchel returned the compliment in San Francisco in 11 rounds. On July 5, 1909, Ketchel won from Billie Papke in 20 rounds at Colma, Cal. In October of last year he went against Jack Johnson as the "White Man's Hope," but the colored man knocked him out in 12 rounds.

With these exceptions Ketchel was victorious. At Philadelphia this year he fought six rounds with Sam Langford to no decision.

Try a bottle of Jap dandruff remedy. No cure, no pay. For sale by E. M. HEATH. Sept. 29-4t

LOW CASTE MANGS.

Hindus Not Only Despise Them, They Fear and Hate Them.

By his fellow Hindu the Mang, one of the lowest of all Indian castes, is not only despised, but even feared and hated. A writer in the Times of India says: "To be cruel is to be 'Mang hearted;' to fly into a passion may be expressed in Marathe idiom as having a Mang within one. When on the occasion of an eclipse fears are awakened for the safety of the sun or moon, it is the Mang whose help is sought. He goes among the people claiming their propitiatory gifts, saying: 'Give your gifts that the grasp may be removed.' For are not Rahu and Ketu the enemies who have laid evil hands on the heavenly bodies, themselves Mangs? Similarly, to their recognized relation with 'dark' worship and with subterranean and demoniac influences is to be traced the making of offerings to Mang women on Dasera day and the sinister fact that there are few great buildings erected in pre-British days in this part of India that have not—whether they be temples or forts or palaces—Mang victims built into their foundations.

"The peculiar place that these popular superstitions have given to the Mang community is seen especially in the ceremonies that are sometimes performed for the removal of disease. Frequently when some one has fallen ill a Joshi is consulted and explains the illness as due to the influence of some evil spirit. The one effective prescription in such a case is to call a Mang and give him a dinner. This is not by any means an act of friendliness toward a despised community, but has as its object apparently the propitiation of the demoniac power and the removal of the source of the disease from the sick man to its proper habitation.

"With this end in view practices of sympathetic magic, which can be paralleled in the folk lore of many peoples, are employed. Portions of the finger nails or, it may be, fragments of hair of the invalid are secretly mixed with the food to be given to the Mang, and before the sugar water of which he is to partake is given to him the sick man must see his face in it. In this way the evil is supposed to be passed back to where it properly belongs and the disease removed."

STAGE REALISM.

Why Jefferson Didn't Have a Dog Schneider In the Flesh.

It was the privilege of the writer years ago to attend a reception at which Joseph Jefferson spoke on the drama. His treatment of the subject was interesting, the utterance of a man who knew the art of which he spoke. But the most interesting part of the hour came after the completion of the formal address, when an opportunity was given to the audience to ask any questions they wished of Mr Jefferson. Soon the familiar topic was introduced, the effect of the modern tendency toward realism in stage setting. Mr. Jefferson at once rose to the question. He spoke somewhat rapidly, with a quaint humor and sympathetic charm that were irresistible. He characterized the modern fashion of stage setting as "a tribute to the weakness of the human imagination." "I am often asked," he went on, "why I do not have a real dog Schneider. But if I did none of you would be satisfied. You would go home saying, 'Well, Scheider never looked like that dog!' You love Schneider because you have made him out of a piece of your own heart. And then," meditatively, "if I had a real Schneider some one in the gallery would probably whistle to him at the critical moment, and he would bark and spoil the play, while if he knew his part perfectly and did just what Schneider ought to do—pausing and with his delightful smile 'Schneider would be the hero and not Rip!' Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he summed up the whole matter with the quiet remark, "Realism with a tail to wag in the wrong place is a dangerous thing."
—New York Post.

Debbiling de Crabs.

In the service of a Baltimore family is an old negro cook known as Aunt Sally, and not the least of her achievements is the preparation of sea food.

In the kitchen one day Aunt Sally's nephew, a nine-year-old lad from a point where crabs are seldom seen, was watching in breathless interest the old lady's deviling of a dish of such crustaceans.

"Aunty," asked he after much reflection upon this mysterious point, "does debbil crabs come from de debbil?"

"No, chile," promptly responded Aunt Sally, "but dey is de debbil to make."
—St. Louis Republic.

The President's Oath.

The oath of office taken by the incoming president of the United States is the shortest and the simplest required of any ruler on earth. It is prescribed by the constitution and is as follows:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and, to the best of my ability, protect, preserve, and defend the constitution of the United States."

Her Cooking.

The Doctor—How is your appetite?
The Patient—Wretched. The best meal my wife cooks doesn't tempt me.
The Doctor—Um—er—er—do you ever try a meal in a restaurant?—Chillicothe Herald.

A WILY ORIENTAL

Guile of a Tricky Native Snake Charmer in India.

GATHERED IN THE SERPENTS.

It Was No Trouble to Him to Lure the Reptiles Into His Basket, and the Supply Was In No Danger of Giving Out and Losing Him a Job.

Among the numerous objectionable and dangerous creatures peculiar to the orient none is more repulsive than the snake. One shudders involuntarily as one thinks of its wiggling body and vicious characteristics. During my residence in India I never felt safe from its presence. I had my closets, bed and even my bathtub searched every day lest one should be found coiled up in some corner, writes Eliza R. Van Bergen in the Christian Intelligencer.

I was always on the watch for the creatures and ever in mortal terror of treading on one. It never occurred to me to sleep without a light, and a stick was always near at hand lest I might find one unaware and be unprepared to meet it. I even looked upon my thin mosquito curtain as a slight protection, for it would at least break its fall should a snake tumble down suddenly from the ceiling.

The creatures have a decided preference for cool, damp places and often choose the bathroom and sometimes the tub for their habitation, much to the discomfort of its rightful habitue. It is not unalloyed bliss to live in a place infested with serpents. With such formidable enemies, one never forgets to be cautious, nor to guard against their presence and sudden attack. It makes one alert to be in the midst of danger and adds spice to life.

Well, as I started out to say, my garden was infested with snakes, and I was persuaded to have a native charmer summoned to lure them away. His hideous occupation, weird incantations and strange pets surround the snake charmer with a peculiar fascination. His magnetism and skill are considered phenomenal in the east.

This specimen was tall and lank and had deep cavernous eyes and an abstracted air. Some of the creatures were coiled around his wrist, which made him still more repellant. He handled them as if they were perfectly harmless. About the neck he wore a chain with a flute attached. Two other jugglers accompanied him, similarly attired, but minus the snakes. One carried a closed basket on his arm.

He stopped at a respectful distance to make his "salaam," which is the customary salute of the country. Then he approached the aloe hedge which inclosed my grounds, squatted himself tailor fashion on the grass and began to produce weird, plaintive sounds on the flute, to which music the reptiles entwined themselves around him and seemed to sway their bodies to and fro.

After some time a snake appeared, gliding slowly and stealthily out from the hedge toward the spot where it heard the enchanting music. The charmer allowed it to come quite close and to wind itself around his arm. Another followed and yet another, while the other two men stood by holding a basket ready to receive them as soon as they unwound themselves. At least a half dozen appeared and were disposed of in this manner. After being captured they appeared as if in a stupor.

Horrified with his performance, I begged him to stop and bade him leave the place. He assented and, picking up the basket, departed with the snakes without ever ceasing to play his uncanny tune. His companions gathered up the rest of his belongings and followed him. I paid a certain sum for each snake thus dispatched.

He came repeatedly thereafter and went through the same performance, conjuring up more reptiles and disposing of them in the same way until I began to suspect some trickery. He refused to allow the snakes to be killed, insisting that they were sacred and must not be put to death. It looked as if he replaced the snakes in the hedge after removing them, and thus he multiplied their number and increased his gains.

I was finally forced to have him removed by the police and threatened with punishment in order to keep him away. Nothing would persuade me to permit one of the fellows to enter my premises again.

Amply Qualified.

Proud Parent—If you would win my daughter, young man, you must prove to my satisfaction that you have fortitude, patience under discouraging circumstances, strength of character, courage, an indomitable will to succeed and, above all, an ability to bear with misfortune. Have you those qualifications?
Suitor—I've known your daughter for some time, sir, and am asking you for her hand. Do you wish other assurances?

Good Cause For It.

"A friend of mine who visits that newly married couple saw the husband the other day throwing stones at his wife."

"Good heavens! Was she hurt?"

"Not a bit of it. She was just fielded to death. They were diamonds."—Baltimore American.

Never let familiarity exclude respect.—Vanburgh.

DRAWING A TOOTH

Tushmaker's Pulling Machine Was a Wonderful Invention.

KILLED HIS FIRST PATIENT.

But That Simply Couldn't Be Helped, and the Autopsy Showed Why the Victim Lifted His Right Leg Each Time the Lever Was Turned.

Mr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite, and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world and create more real happiness therein by putting the teeth of its inhabitants in good order than in any other way, so Tushmaker became a dentist.

He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office in the city of Boston when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture and, opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth on the right hand side about as large as he afterward expressed it, "as a small polyglot Bible." "I shall have trouble with this tooth," thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It didn't come. Then he tried the turnscrew, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir.

"Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Byles, "and return in a week and I'll draw that tooth for you or know the reason why." Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw and put forth.

Then the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made and the machine put up in the office over an iron chair rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building.

In a week old Byles returned. He was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker, stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length. He turned it slightly. Old Byles gave a groan and lifted his right leg. Another turn, another groan, and up went the leg again.

"What do you raise your leg for?" asked the doctor.

"I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," rejoined Tushmaker, "that tooth is bound to come out now."

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk and snapped old Byles' head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts. They had a postmortem examination. The roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot.

"No wonder," said Tushmaker, "he raised his right leg."

The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed, and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument for some time afterward, but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn, and, thinking that it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine. He did so and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in her chair. Tushmaker took her home in a pillowcase. She lived seven years after that, and they called her the "India rubber woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case.

After this the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston custom house, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made on the same principle and sold to the keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.—John Phoenix.

He Told Her.

Mr. Economic—Did you write to the man who advertises to show people how to make puddings without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. Economic—Yes, and sent him a dollar.

"What did he reply?"

"Use cream."

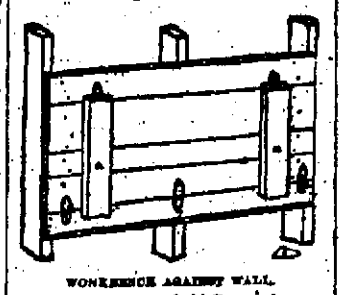
To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue, is the greatest prerogative of innocence.—Dr. Johnson.

FOLDING WORKBENCH.

Here Is One That Does Away With Objections to Ordinary Kind.

In the tool house or stable there is always a need at times for a workbench, with a safe place to keep the tools needed for any repair jobs that may be needed. This is greatly needed many times in the year, but when not in use is, if stationary, often in the way.

By hinging the table or top of bench to the studding, as shown in illustration, it may be folded up against the wall, where it is held by hooks, entirely out of the way and ready for use in a moment's time. When lowered the legs, which are hinged to the top, let down to the floor, and the hinges against board on studding hold bench firmly.



WORKBENCH AGAINST WALL.
—[From Orange Judd Farmer.]

The space behind the top is an excellent place to keep all the small tools, as boards may be placed between studding at top and bottom, thus making it a tight box when top is raised, and when lowered your tools are all within easy reach just where you want them.—Orange Judd Farmer.

MELONS ALL YEAR ROUND.

Delicious Fruit Can Be Produced by Cultivation Under Glass.

In the summer melons are plentiful on the market, but few there are who know the delicious flavor, not to mention size, of a fully developed and well ripened fruit grown under glass. Nor is the season of such fruit limited, for melons can be produced all the year around. During the summer they can be produced in [illegible] weeks from time of sowing, winter months taking a few weeks longer. To keep up a steady supply four small houses must be devoted to the [illegible] adequate pipe [illegible] temperature [illegible] and also to [illegible] the plants. [illegible] underneath [illegible]

When sowing [illegible] open compost [illegible] three in a pot, [illegible] each pot and [illegible] whole in a [illegible] of 70 to 75 degrees [illegible] with [illegible] Good [illegible] four days [illegible] pinch out [illegible] growths [illegible] for [illegible] Keep [illegible] pulled into [illegible] Give [illegible] of bottle of [illegible] with soil, adding more with [illegible] and ramming as firm as possible until the whole is four inches thick. Mix more of same compost and also add a little charcoal for the mounds. These should be placed on the bed twenty inches apart and the seedlings planted in. Maintain a night temperature of 70 to 75 degrees and syringe twice daily. Take one shoot up until the plants are three-quarters up trellis and then stop.

Laterals will now appear bearing female flowers. Stop these one leaf beyond the flower. If possible three or four of these should be fertilized the same day to insure an even crop. As the fruit swells it will need support. Nets made for the purpose should be used. During the time the fruit is swelling the plants will take lots of water and feed, which can be given in the form of light top dressing and quick acting manures.

As soon as fruit shows signs of ripening cease syringing and keep a drier atmosphere and give all air possible. Quality is usually to be preferred to size, especially as medium sized fruit is easier to serve on table, being cut through and cracked ice placed in center.

Scarlet fleshed varieties usually are of best flavor, but there are good green and white fleshed varieties.—Horticulture.

The cost of two battleships would pay for four good experiment stations and a section of land for each, not only in one state, but in every state of the Union.

Dairy Doings.

Whitewash the stable occasionally. It is a short task if you have a whitewash machine, and it keeps everything sweet and clean.

A nervous cow is preferable to a stolid one. The chances are that she will give more and better milk than her dull, mopish sister.

It is impossible to tell the profitable cows from the unprofitable animals unless you test your milk. The quantity of milk is not enough. The butter fat must be considered.

Every farmer cannot have a prize winning herd, but he can have a few prize winning animals. The number of good animals can be gradually increased until the entire herd is good.

The dairyman should always be ready for any emergency that arises. With her first calf the young cow often has trouble. Caked udder or whatever the trouble may be should be carefully looked after.

FOOLED HIM BADLY.

How He Kicks on Letters Written In the Third Person.

In one of the Paris restaurants a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform"—and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were not only more ceremonious, but that they were more polite.

"That's a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "The foundation of all politeness in letter writing is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. I received from my friend D., the chief of division, a billet doux, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:

"'Monsieur D., chief of division at the war office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named chevalier of the Legion of Honor.'

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a mercer's and bought a piece of the richest red ribbon for my buttonhole. I ran to the houses of my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last I ran to my friend D.'s. As soon as I caught sight of him I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?'

"'You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.'

"'Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours.'

"'How is that? Have you received the order?'

"'Certainly; have I not?'

"'No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made chevalier.'

"'You?'

"'Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do, but, nevertheless, it has been conferred on me.'

"'But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.' I took his letter out of my pocket and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. 'The deuce take you and your note,' I said to D. 'Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, "My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am decorated chevalier?"'"

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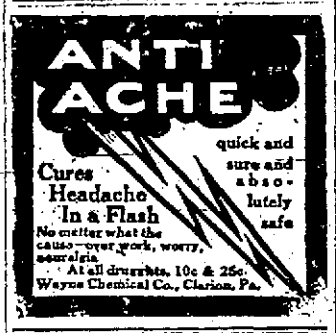
The famous little pills.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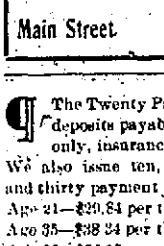

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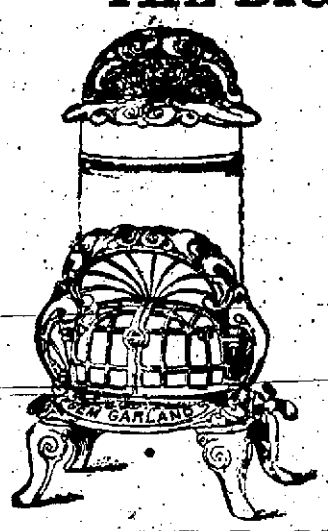

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Prices Right

—AT—

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 20, 1910.

Local and General.

—Vote the Republican ticket.

—Partridge hunters have not been very successful thus far—

—Mrs. V. B. Bouton entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Water street Wednesday evening.

—Mrs. S. H. Cleveland gave a six-hand euchre party to 18 ladies at her home on East Main street Wednesday afternoon.

—Yale was defeated at football by West Point last Saturday at the latter place by a score of 9 to 6, which was a big surprise to the fans of old Eli.

—"Madame X.", Henry W. Savage's great drama will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre on Saturday, Oct. 22, and many Smethport people will probably attend.

—Mrs. J. A. McKean, Mrs. Jonathan Colegrove and Mrs. J. A. Holder entertained about one hundred guests at cards in Holder's hall last Thursday evening. Six-handed euchre was played and excellent refreshments were served.

—"Ty" Cobb of the Detroit Americans is the world's champion hitter with a batting average of 385, and Napoleon Lajoie is a close second with 384. Both will be presented with a Chalmers-Detroit automobile for their good work.

—A small fire in the residence of Gust Swanson at Kane last Friday two men were injured. Thomas Daugherty, a drayman, while assisting in moving the fire apparatus had two fingers crushed and Arthur Bradley, a fireman, had a foot painfully bruised by being run over by the hose cart.

—The bear season has opened throughout Pennsylvania and from all accounts bears will be very numerous. In the northern tier counties and in the Allegheny mountain regions the number of bears reported this fall is greater than for a decade. The reason assigned is the absence of forest fires and the generally fruitful conditions.

—The first Keystone meeting in McKean county will be held in Bradford, Saturday, Oct. 22nd, at the Exchange Lyceum. Speakers will include D. Clarence Gibboney, the great Philadelphia reformer, John J. Casey and Cornelius D. Skully, all candidates on the Keystone ticket.

—Jillton Enggstrom, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Amandus Engstrom, who was so seriously injured by being run down by an automobile on Main street fair week and had his skull fractured at the base of the brain, has fully recovered. Although some permanent injury was feared in case of his recovery, he appears to be as well as ever.

—Mrs. Margaret Spickernage, of Delaware avenue, through her attorneys, Mullen & Mullen has brought action against C. S. Woolworth & Co. owners of a Main street store to recover damages for an injury alleged to have occurred from slipping and falling upon the floor of their store on the 19th of last April. It is alleged by the complainant in the action that the floor had been oiled and was in such condition as to be dangerous to the safety of patrons. She has been obliged to walk with the aid of crutch ever since the accident. Mrs. Spickernage will place the amount of damages at $20,000.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

—The failure of Thomas H. Watkins of New York, the big coal operator of Eastern Pennsylvania, who filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States Supreme court, placing his liabilities at $1,275,549 and assets at $585,341, is of local interest. Among the list of creditors is the estate of Byron D. Hamlin of Smethport in the sum of $48,603.

—Joseph Booth, who was manager of the Case Cutlery factory at this place until it burned down some months ago, moved his family to Bradford this week, where he will hold a similar position. Mr. Booth and his estimable family have made many friends in Smethport during their residence here and they will be greatly missed. They have the best wishes of a host of friends, who will always welcome them back to Smethport.

—Clifton Mallory, the modern classic actor, pleased a fair sized audience at the West End theatre in the English comedy "David Garrick." The performance was refined and the production was enthusiastically received. Mr. Mallory gave a splendid portrayal of the leading role. The stage settings were fine, and the costumes excellent. —Daily News-Standard, Uniontown, Pa.

—A Warren dispatch says that Lew Kraer of Sheffield, who is drilling one of the deepest wells on record, has been forced to stop operations temporarily. The well now lacks thirty feet of a mile. A cave was penetrated by the drill and there is nothing to do but case the well, which will be done by the Pennsylvania Gas company. The drill will then be started again and it is the purpose to put the well down as far as possible. Doubtless it will be the deepest well ever drilled. It is being drilled to test the lower strata for gas.

—Every one who is a lover of all that is beautiful and refined in the way of theatrical performance should make special effort to witness the presentation of the great romantic English comedy, "David Garrick," by the eminent romantic actor Mr. Clifton Mallory, supported by a competent company. The play is staged with all the wealth of splendid scenic equipment and magnificent costuming. Mr. Mallory is an actor of sterling worth and ripe experience and gives a splendid portrayal of the leading role. His clear resonate voice, charming manner, and splendid stage presence enable him to make the leading characters as near perfect as it has ever been made by any actor of this age. At the Smethport Lyceum, Oct. 25th. and "Caste," Oct. 26th.

Good Results of Irrigation.

Irrigation is enlarging the oases of the Sahara desert.

KILLING THE UMPIRE.

It Is an Essential Part of the Great Game of Baseball.

According to bleacher law, there are three particularly justifiable motives for doing away with umpires. An umpire may be killed—first, if he sees fit to adhere to the rules and make a decision against the home team at a close point in the game; second, an umpire may be killed if he sends a member of the home team to the bench when the player in question has done absolutely nothing but call the umpire names and attempt to bite his ear off (an umpire has no business to be touchy); third (and this is a perfect defense against the charge of murder), an umpire may be killed if he calls any batter on the home team out on strikes when the player has not even struck at the balls pitched. That the balls go straight over the plate has nothing to do with the case.

There is ample proof at hand to show that killing the umpire is a distinctively American sport. Other countries have tried baseball, but they have not tried killing the umpire. That is probably the reason why they have not waxed enthusiastic over baseball, for baseball without umpire killing is like football without girls in the grand stand. It simply can't be done. That foreign countries know nothing about our king of outdoor sports was indicated forcibly when in the fall of 1909 the Detroit team made a trip to Cuba under the management of Outfielder McIntyre. In the entire series of twelve games with the Havana and Almendares clubs not one single objection was made by either the Cuban players or the silent Cuban spectators to a decision of the umpires. The Americans did not know what to think of it—until they counted up the gate receipts at the end of the series. Then they realized that in their own country it is the delight in killing the umpire rather than the pleasure in watching the game that draws the tremendous crowds through the turnstiles.—George Jean Nathan in Harper's Weekly.

MEASURES OF LENGTH.

Light Waves and the Wonderfully Accurate Interferometer.

At the bureau of weights and measures at Sevres, France, the standard meter of metal, which is the standard length of the world, is kept carefully in an underground vault and is inspected only at long intervals. In Great Britain similar care is exercised in guarding the standard yard measurement. As it was possible for these metal standards to be destroyed or damaged in the course of time, it was decided a number of years ago to determine the exact length of the standards in wave lengths of light, which would be a basis of value unalterable and indestructible. For this purpose the instrument known as the interferometer was invented. This instrument represented the highest order of workmanship and the greatest skill of the best opticians of the world. A series of refracting plates were made, the surfaces of which were flat within one-twentieth of a wave length of light, with sides parallel within one second, representing the utmost refinement of optical surfaces ever attempted.

With the interferometer perfected, the attempt was made to make the wave length of some definite light an actual and practical standard of length. For over a year scientists worked to secure this result, and experiments finally showed that there were 1,553,163½ wave lengths of red cadmium light in the French standard meter at 15 degrees centigrade. So great is the accuracy of these experiments that they can be repeated within one part in two millions. So inconceivably small is such a possibility of error that should the material standard of length be damaged or destroyed the standard wave length of light would remain unaltered as a basis from which an exact duplicate of the original standard could be made.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Buttons.

The Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of needle work, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1680. It took 200 years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them together with the cloth between.

Dissatisfied.

The haughty looking woman upon whose features the dermatologist had been working for more than two hours sneered when she glanced in the mirror. "I certainly thought you knew your business," she snapped, "but you have not even given me fair treatment."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "If you had wanted fair treatment you should have been more explicit," he retorted. "I thought from what you told me that you wanted brunette."—Chicago News.

Brave as a Boy.

Weigler—I see that Gausler has been given a medal for bravery. Matchleyette—Well, he probably deserved it. He always was brave. I remember when he was a boy that he was the only one in the neighborhood who would go to his mother when she beckoned with one hand and held the other behind her back.—Chicago News.

The Irishman's Resource.

In his volume of essays, "Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest," Mr. Coulson Kernahan compares his compatriots, the natives of the Green Isle, with the English:

"That your Englishman never knows when he is beaten is the veriest platitude. In all the world there is no nationality which can play a losing game with such desperate doggedness. I venture to think, however, that the Irishman—and therein is perhaps a reason why he excels in the art of war—is more resourceful, is quicker to think and quicker to act.

"An Englishman, finding himself in a corner so tight that any one else would decide at once that there was nothing for it but surrender or retreat, says: 'Here I am, and here I'll stick to be shot at till I'm killed or till relief comes.' An Irishman in the same place would say: 'It's the mischief's own hole I'm in! But wait now! What way'll I be gettin' out?' And get out the Irishman generally does, for he is so resourceful that his resourcefulness might sometimes be better described as slipperiness."

The Making of a Business Man.

So many panes of glass in old Mr. Viner's greenhouse had been broken that he had at last offered a reward of 10 shillings to any one who should give information as to the identity of the latest offender. The bait soon drew. A youngster called on Mr. Viner and informed him that a lad named Archie Thompson was a guilty party. He received his reward, went away rejoicing, and the old gentleman forthwith wrote to the local schoolmaster demanding the production of the said Archie Thompson to make good the damage he had done to his windows.

Next day the informer called again.

"The schoolmaster sent me," he said briskly. "I've seen a glazier, and he'll put your glass right for 3 shillings. Here it is, and"—

"Not so fast, my lad," said Mr. Viner. "Have you come on behalf of Archie Thompson?"

"Well, yes, sir, in a way," said the boy. "Fact is," he continued confidentially, "I'm him!"—London Answers.

Malleable Glass of the Egyptians.

Strabo and Josephus both affirm that the Egyptian glass workers were so well skilled in their art that they imitated the amethyst and other precious stones to perfection. Malleable glass was one of the secret arts of the ancients, the formula for making it being now reckoned as lost. Strabo mentions a cup of glass which could be hammered into any desired shape, the material of which it was composed being as ductile as lead.

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11.30 to 2.30 Daily

"Garment" Days

Everything in Ready-to-Wear shown and sold here on a great scale and at Reduced Prices. The word "garment" naturally suggests Suits, Coats, Furs, Skirts and Waists; and, of course, these second-floor stocks will be prominent during **Garment Days;** besides, Millinery, Corsets, Flannelette Wear, Undermuslins, Sweaters, Petticoats and Infants' Clothes. But our Main Floor also plays a leading part in this distribution of Ready-to-wear Apparel. You will profit by daily sale of Gloves, Hosiery, Knit Underwear, Shoes, Veiling, Neckwear, Leather Belts and Bags, Jewelry, Umbrellas, Men's Furnishings, Boys' or Youths' Clothing. **The object of Garment Week is to let more people know how completely prepared this store is—at all times—to supply women's and children's Ready-to-wear wants—from head to foot—and to emphasize our able apparel service for men and boys.** Each day will have big sensations in new apparel, well worth your presence here. If you cannot come in person, shop by mail. But why not take a day off—see just what you're buying—have it properly fitted. You'll more than save your expenses, during our **Garment Days.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 20, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.
For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.
For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.
For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.
For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.
For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

The trial of Charles G. Wetter of the Philadelphia firm which built the State Capitol, on the charge that he overcharged, ended Tuesday when, after a plea of nole contendere, the defendant was sentenced to make restitution of $14,000 and pay costs. It was agreed by the lawyers that $14,000 was the full amount of the overcharge.

Joseph M. Huston, architect of the State capitol, about which there has been so much scandal, was yesterday sentenced to imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than two years, and fined $500 and costs on a charge of conspiracy to defraud by certifying a false bill for desks for the building. Counsel for Huston took an appeal and he was released on $2,000 bail.

Postmaster General Hitchcock makes the statement that before the close of another fiscal year the Federal postal establishment will become self-sustaining. "This," he adds, "will be accomplished without curtailing in the slightest the service rendered or lessening in any respect its efficiency." We are glad to hear it. The people will be pleased to see the postal service placed on a self-supporting basis, for that will be considered good ground for a further increase in postal rates.

The [illegible] by a good [illegible] of the Philadelphia [illegible] Capitol, on the charge that he [illegible] ended Tuesday when, after [illegible] contendere, the defendant was sentenced to make restitution of $14,000 and pay costs. It was agreed by the lawyers that $14,000 was the full amount of the overcharge.

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The [illegible] of the Public Utilities [illegible] have been entirely straightforward and honorable in every respect. I became connected with the company in the ordinary course of business, through W. L. Chrisman, a reputable Philadelphia attorney, now president of the company. There's absolutely nothing to conceal nor anything calling for an explanation."

Other good business men of high standing were inveigled into this company, but that does not indicate that they are crooks, nor does the North American seek to make them appear as such. It simply spits all of its venom at Mr. Tener because he is the candidate of the Republican party, which it is seeking to defeat in this state, but the attempt to ruin his character for the sake of wrecking him politically must fail. There is no evidence that he has done any wrong. As he says, "there is nothing to conceal nor anything calling for an explanation." The effect of the malicious assault will be to unite Mr. Tener's friends more firmly in his support and instead of doing him harm will increase his political strength.

Allentown investors in the National Public Utilities Corporation of Allentown, Pa., of which John K. Tener, Republican candidate for governor, was recently the head and which he is accused of promoting as a fraud, do not know any wrong in the concern. An investor is G. C. Asebbach, the leading music dealer, who has fifty shares of preferred and 625 shares of common stock.

"I hate this publicity," said Mr. Aschbach, "as I am not in politics and never was. So far as I know the corporation is on the level. It has paid dividends and the work seemed to be going along all right. I went into it through the suggestion of Frank L. Smart and F. C. Adams, whom I have known for a long time and with whom I always had satisfactory dealings. I never met Mr. Tener until after he became a candidate for Governor, and I do not know him very well. But I regard his connection with the corporation as honorable, with the best and soundest of business intentions. Mr. Tener never solicited me, nor any one else that I know of. What induced me to invest was the indorsement of the Astoria and Seaside railroad by the Chamber of Commerce and every bank and banker of Astoria, Ore. They indorsed the railroad as a business proposition. If Tener hadn't been named for governor no attack would have been named on the business. I [illegible] and I regard it as inspired [illegible] malice."

[illegible] Charles H. Cohn, who has [illegible] of preferred and 25 of common, says he bought the stock as an investment and is pleased with it. "I never knew Tener was in it until this story appeared," said Mr. Cohn. "I cannot see why people are not allowed to do a legitimate business and work out their own business salvation."

PERSONAL MENTION.

[illegible] Morey was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

[illegible] D. Storey returned Tuesday [illegible] Nevada, N. Y.

[illegible] and Mrs. L. C. Backus were Bradford visitors on Tuesday.

[illegible] Robert H. Kinsley of Newark [illegible] was a visitor in Smethport.

[illegible] W. Crum left for Coal [illegible] to Pittsburg on business [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Frank Mccarty left [illegible] for Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

[illegible] Scott Allen was a business visitor in town yesterday.

H. S. Reynolds, Esq., of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

W. J. Kerr has returned from an extended trip through the Western oil country.

[illegible] Gillett returned home on Tuesday from a business visit to the west.

Guy J. Hamlin returned home last Tuesday evening from a visit to New York City.

Miss Elsie Sherer and Miss Bessie Engstrom were Port Allegany visitors on Sunday.

Guy D. Mayo left Monday evening on a business visit to Philadelphia and and Wilkes-Barre.

Mrs. Harry Daley is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs. William Sharp, at Clearfield, Pa., this week.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin, son, Harry, and daughters, Rae and Stella, drove to Bradford in their automobile on Monday.

Mrs. John J. Miller, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Hussey, has returned to her home in Detroit, Mich.

Rev. Chas. H. McCoy of Pittsburg was the guest of his parents, Dr. and and Mrs. H. L. McCoy, the forepart of the week.

D. Gillup, Claude Shattuck, John A. Ovitt and Frank Ovitt left this week on a deer hunting trip in the Adirondacks.

M. S. Geary, state treasurer of the A. O. H., attended the bi-annual county convention of that order, held in Bradford last Sunday.

Mrs. Scott F. Redfield returned home Saturday from a visit to her parents in Syracuse, N. Y. She was accompanied by Miss Lenore Haberle, who will be her guest for some time.

Madame X Saturday, Matinee and Night.

"Madame X," the powerful drama of mother-love, continues to be the dramatic sensation of the time. No play in recollection has so swept the playgoers of New York, while in Paris, whence it came, it played for an entire season—an unprecedented record for the French metropolis. Henry W. Savage has made a wonderful record of success as a chooser of theatrical material in the case of "Madame X" as he has hitherto in such triumphs in other fields as "The Merry Widow" or his other notable hits. Last winter in New York, "Madame X" drew more than a quarter-million playgoers, an achievement absolutely without parallel in the modern history of the drama. Now the play is once more drawing great throngs—at the Lyric theatre—and there is every indication that it might remain with great profit throughout the entire season. But the contracts made for the territory outside of the metropolis make it necessary to limit the run. "Madame X" will be seen at the Bradford Theatre Saturday, matinee and night, by a notably fine company and staged exactly as in New York.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the ending Oct. 15, 1910:

Brown, Pearl.
Ganey, John.
Hillbert, Robert.
McCarty, Mrs. Jerry.
Powers, Harvey.
Rice, Jakie (2).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

The Tale of a Key.

There is a roll top desk in an office near Wall street which can be bought cheap. The owner is a commuter and has desk room in a large office. He came late the other day and discovered that he had forgotten his keys. No key at hand would unlock the desk. The maker could not give aid for an hour or more, and some papers had to be reached before noon. The desk was forcibly opened, and two inner compartments were smashed. Warm and tired from the exertion of wrecking his property, the man took off his coat and slipped into an office coat, in the pocket of which his keys jingled. Tableau! Before going home he confided to the office boy that he wouldn't care if he hadn't told.—New York Tribune.

The Pillory.

The pillory in England was abolished as a punishment, except for perjury, in 1815, and was totally abolished in 1837. The last person to suffer at the Old Bailey was one Peter Bossy, for perjury, June 22, 1830. Notwithstanding the fact that this mode of punishment was supposed to be only for the lighter offenses, it often happened that the pillory meant death to those placed in it, the culprit frequently being stoned to death by the heartless mob.—New York American.

Next Best Thing.

"Say, Mayme, did you ever have any turtle soup?" asked a rawboned youth of the girl beside him.

"No," admitted the maiden; "but," added she, with the conscious dignity of one who has not been lacking in social experience, "I've been where it was."—Lippincott's.

The Wherefore.

"Why are you so sore on your congressman?"

"When we called on him in Washington last session he made a speech to us instead of taking us out to lunch."—Kansas City Journal.

High Praise.

Frost—Are the descriptions of scenery in Bestseller's novel good? Snow—Great! The best I ever skipped.—Harper's Bazar.

Force of Association.

"How fond that girl's grandpa is!"

"No wonder. She is the daughter of a millionaire, remember."—Baltimore American.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.—Abraham Lincoln.

The Effects.

"I have come to you, my friend, for comfort. My best girl has treated me very badly. I was trying to explain something to her, but she gave me such sharp looks they cut me to the heart; she withered me with her scorn, crushed me with her coldness and stabbed me with her keen edged tongue."

"See here, man, you oughtn't to come to me for comfort. What you need is to go to a hospital for treatment."—Baltimore American.

Did They "Hook" Them.

"In the olden days they had no watches, you know," said the father.

"And how did they tell the time?" asked the son.

"By sundials."

"Well, father," said the young man, feeling of his watchless chain, "how much could a fellow get on a sundial do you suppose?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Consistent Mrs. Biggie.

Della—Mrs. Biggie is passionately fond of cream, isn't she? Stella—Oh, my, yes! She's such a crank on cream she's going to have her husband cremated.—Boston Herald.

Certainly Helpful.

Optimist—Ah! It is cherishing our illusions that keeps us young.

Pessimist—Yes, but only if we cling to the illusion that we are still young.

It is a maxim that no man was ever enslaved by influence while he was fit to be free.—Johnson.

THE BEST OIL

burns free and clear and steady—never "frosts" the chimney or chars the wick. It is triple-refined—

Family Favorite Lamp Oil

You'll find it at your dealer's in original barrels direct from our refineries. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils—gives more light, more service—saves work and saves eyesight.

Your dealer will recommend it.

Also ask for our Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
INDEPENDENT REFINERS,
PITTSBURG, PA.

Brain fag

Night work—over work—head pains and throbs, neuralgia and sympathetic pains

"Cured in a flash" by

NERVI-ACHE

Manufactured Only by Chandler Co., Clarion, Pa.

Tell Me

YOUR WANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC.

Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

EYGHT & BAKER, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

Hats Hats Hats

First showing of Stetson and Miller-Allaire New Fall Hats.

$1.00, $2.00, 3.00, 3.50 AND $4.00 Styles.

A good assortment

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT

INNER TUBES

FULL VALUE

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.

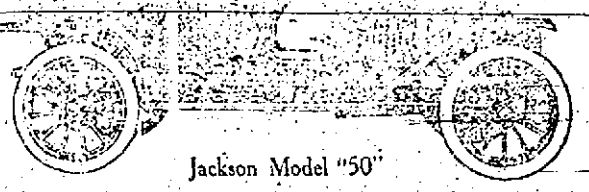
SMETHPORT, PA.

Smethport Garage

WILL BE OPEN FOR BUSINESS

SEPT. 1, 1910,

In the Rooney barn on Water Street, west of Smethport Bottling Works, and solicit the patronage of autoists. Difficult Repairing a Specialty.



Jackson Model "50"

D. B. WASSON, Agent for

Sterns Jackson and Fuller Automobiles

SMETHPORT, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BULLETIN:

Opening of the great Pennsylvania Station in New York.

On Sunday, November 27, full train service will be inaugrated by the Pennsylvania Railroad to and from its new station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, New York City.

The location of the Pennsylvania Station, one block from Broadway two blocks from Fifth Avenue, is in the heart of the hotel, club and theatre district of Manhattan. Within a short radius are located the majority of the big retail stores and restaurants. The Seventh Avenue surface cars and the Eighth Avenue surface cars pass its doors; the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, and stations of the Sixth Avenue Elevated and Hudson and Manhattan Tubes are a short block from its main entrance.

Time tables showing the service to and from the Pennsylvania Station are now being arranged, and may be obtained at Ticket Offices before the Station opens.

Connections will be made at Manhattan Transfer (near Newark) with local trains to and from downtown stations by way of Jersey City, so that downtown New York passengers who desire may continue to use Cortlandt and Desbrosses Street Stations and the Hudson Terminal of the Hudson and Manhattan Tubes.

Mc Call's Patterns

The Lindholm Company,

McCall's large magazine for November are here. Price 5cts.

Distinctive Fall Millinery

Our millinery staff is awfully busy making up hats according to the Styles of leading fashion Centres. What we have accomplished awaits the opinion of the ladies. Personally, we are proud of it. We invite all who are the least bit interested (and who is not?).

Printzess Coats

To you who are wearing Printzess garments, season after season, we need not explain their many points of Superiority—

To you who have never worn Printzess Garments, let us say that they are highly regarded by all well dressed women, because of their Style, Quality and Fit.

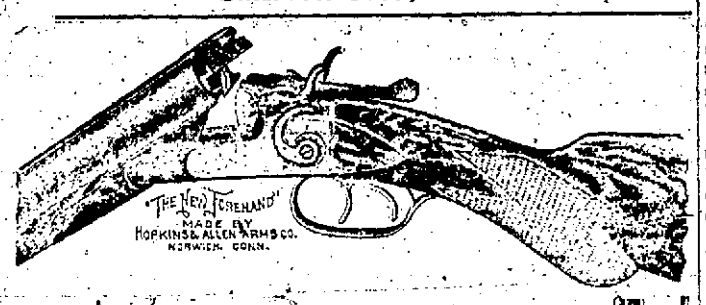
Each garment is guaranteed to hold for two full seasons its original perfect shape, because it is interlined with Printzess Plio canvas, the exclusive shape retaining fabric, found only in Printzess garments.

And Price—You'll be surprised to know that Printzess garments cost you little or no more than unknown, Take-a-Chance makes. So don't take a chance, but come in and try on a guaranteed Printzess garment.

The Printzess Coats for ladies are priced $9.00 $11.00, $12.50, $14.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, to $27.50

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

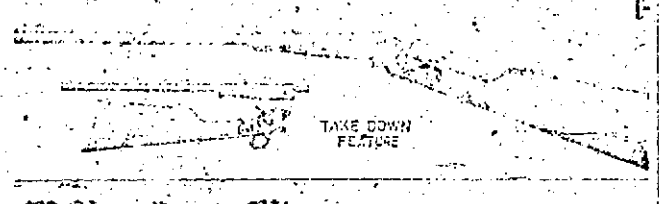


CALL AT

Daly & Garlick's

For

GOOD SPORTING GOODS.



McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 20, 1910.

Local and General.

—Read the advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Reports from various parts of the country are to the effect that turkeys will be unusually plentiful for holiday feasts this year.

—Quite a number of Smethport people went to Port Allegany last evening to attend the Republican meeting held there.

—Daly & Garlick advertise guns and hunters' materials in thier space this week.

—R. T. Lyle and family have moved from the F. A. Green house on Hill street to the H. E. Dumjohn house on Mill street.

—Lost, the lower part of a brass automobile side lamp. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to this office or writing this office of the find.

—We have a couple of good guns for sale cheap. Call at this office and get a bargain.

—If you need anything in the line of legal blanks, get in communication with this office—call, write or telephone.

—D. B. Carlson, who has been employed in the merchant tailor establishment of H. W. Rubin until recently, has opened a tailor shop in Hazelhurst.

—Prof. Stanley Bright, principal of the Smethport schools, and his wife, have moved into the W. P. Walsh house on Main street. They formerly resided in the H. C. Wells house on Cemetery street.

—Prof. Andreas Galle, a famous astronomer of Berlin, yesterday issued a sensational statement in which he said that Peary didn't reach the north pole. None of the methods of reckoning that his predictions used by Peary are reliable, he said, and even if he had reached the pole he wouldn't know it.

—The Lonesome Man" will be at the Bradford Theatre on Monday evening, Oct. 24, with Cecil Scott in the leading role. This is one of the funniest and best farce comedies ever presented on the American stage.

—An Austrian by the name of Clemult, an employe of the local tannery, died very suddenly last Wednesday after a very brief illness. It is said that he was attacked with anthrax only a couple of days before.—Emporium Independent.

In argument court yesterday, considerable time was given up to the hearing of divorce cases, including the following: Perry B. Evans vs. Agnes M. Evans; Mary Burdick vs. Henry Burdick; Michael S. Scanlon vs. Agnes C. Scanlon; John C. Spencer vs. Lenora C. Spencer.

—Smethport Methodist Episcopal church, J. W. McGavern, pastor. Sunday morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:45; Epworth League service at 6:45 p. m.; evening preaching 7:30. The mid-week prayer service will be held Wednesday evening at 7:30. Morning subject, "What Can Make a People Live." A cordial invitation to the public is extended.

The National Protective Union of Waverly, N. Y., which has been barred from several states for selling five-year endowment certificates and compelled to cut down by more than fifty per cent. the dividend it has been paying on these gambling contracts, has agreed to discontinue their issue rather than run the chance of being handed over to the New York department for liquidation by order of the court.—United States Review.

—Thomas Richardson, a former resident of this place and a glass worker, who had many friends here, died in Mt. Jewett on Thursday. His remains were brought here on Saturday and laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery. Mr. Richardson was an honest, kind-hearted man and his death will be deeply mourned by many friends and relatives.

—Mrs. George Knapp was again arrested Saturday night on a charge of stealing goods amounting in value to $1.60 from a couple staying at the Connolly House. The matter was fixed up by the payment of $1.60 for the goods, $2.81 constable's fees and $4.05 justice fees. The woman has been up on similar charges several times, and it is about time that something more stringent should be done in her case.—Port Allegany Argus.

—We are in receipt of the interesting news from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller, formerly of East Smethport, that they have reached their destination at Whittier, Cal., and they report a very interesting and pleasant trip.

—At a hearing yesterday before Judge Jos. W. Bouton Nellie Alice Murphy of Eldred, aged 11 years, an alleged incorrigible, was sent to the Bethesda Home in Bradford, and Mrs. Fenton, the matron, was made probation officer.

—A man seventy years old, and enjoying the best of health, residing on and owning a farm near Knox, Pa., was brought to Kane the latter part of last week over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad by Commissioners of Clarion county, and taken to the State hospital at Warren. Not long ago he purchased an automobile, and became so infatuated with it, that all he talks about now is automobiles. We could not learn his name, but he was a retired farmer, and was well to do.—Kane Republican.

—"The present season for quail, wild turkeys, squirrels and pheasants comes much too early," said Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the State Game Commission, yesterday. "The weather we are having this fall proves it. The game is not good until cold weather sets in, and we are now having almost summer heat and the quail season opening," all of which is very true and we hope at the next session of the legislature the open season will be changed.

—A serious trolley accident occurred at Salamanca yesterday afternoon when Fred E. Simons rode his bicycle down the Division street hill and crashed into a trolley car of the W. N. Y. & P. Traction company. The bicycle was badly smashed and Mr. Simons was thrown to the pavement. F. L. Grant's ambulance was called and the injured man was taken to the hospital where he was attended by Dr. Martin. His injuries may prove serious. Mr. Simons is a member of the firm of Robbins & Simons, of the Broad street meat market.

Saturday, Edward A. Guenter closed a deal with Mrs. B. H. Frisbee of Coryville, whereby he became the possessor of the Coryville general store. He will continue to run the store with a good stock of general ware and groceries. Mr. Guenter was formerly assistant postmaster at Elkhorn and shows his interest in our [illegible] of Elkhorn and was [illegible] as an all-around [illegible] He says that pros[illegible] in the west [illegible] Elkhorn.

The Lyric Dramatic Company, which was the first entertainment of a course of five held under the auspices and for the benefit of the Smethport Fire Department, was at the Lyceum last Friday night. This sterling company gave sketches of "Patsy" and "The Grand Army Man." The impersonation of David Warfield, the great actor who made "The Grand Army Man" famous, was exceptionally fine. Although composed of but a troupe of four, this company put up an entertainment that was well worth the price of admission, and was deserving the large crowd that was present.

—A newspaper may do many useful things serve many excellent functions, but it cannot make public morals or successfully officiate as the moral monitor of a town. Its principal reason for existence, as we apprehend it, is to furnish the news. It cannot make character except by a slow process of evolution. Its influence is most potent when it tells the truth, keeps clean and works hard. It is too much to expect that a few common pieces of clay in a newspaper office shall revolutionize the earth, drive all the scoundrels to cover, make jails for the wicked and provide halos for the virtuous. If we tried to do all of those things we would be so busy that we couldn't get the paper out.—Titusville Herald.

—The world's championship baseball series is being played off this week between the Chicago Nationals and the Philadelphia Americans. The first game was played at Philadelphia on Monday and resulted in a victory for the Philadelphia team by a score of 4 to 1. Bender pitched for the Athletics and Overall and Meintire for the Cubs. On Tuesday the Athletics won the second game by a score of 9 to 3. Cummins did the twirling for the winners and Brown for the losers. To-day and to-morrow these teams will play at Chicago and unless Philadelphia wins both the fifth game will be played on Saturday at Philadelphia and then they will return to Chicago for the sixth. And in case it should go to the seventh before one of the teams wins four games the place for playing the last will be decided by drawing lots.

—Robert, son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, who was so severely injured by being kicked by a horse last week, has fully recovered and is none the worse for his experience.

—Roscoe, the four-year-old son of John Cunningham had one of his fingers painfully crushed in the sprocket of a bicycle yesterday afternoon while playing near the home of his grandfather, J. C. Cunningham. He and the Monheimer children and Robert and John Hamilton were playing with the bicycle when the little fellow had the accident. The flesh on his index finger on the right hand was badly crushed but no bones were broken. Dr. Hamilton dressed the injured member and the boy is getting along nicely.

—There was an argument at Lewis Run yesterday afternoon, says the Era, which three or more disputants became quite excited. Carmina Berlino was not easily convinced so one of his opponents concluded to cut matters short with a knife. The weapon took effect in Berlino's legs and therefore he was unable to maintain the firm position on the subject he had previously held. The sharp repartee and keen logic used by the opposition were too deep for him, so to speak. Then the telephone was brought into requisition and Constable Spreter was summoned from Bradford to arrest Sylvester Pagnozzi and Joe Forrentino on a charge of aggravated assault.

—T. W. Camp, president, and J. Scott Walker, a stockholder, of the Imperial Window Glass company, are in Pittsburg to attend a meeting of the company's stockholders, which was called for the purpose of considering the liquidation of the company. For the past year the case of the Imperial Window Glass company has been before the United States court and recently a grand jury decided that the company was operating in restraint of trade. An appeal from the jury's decision was unavailing and unless the company is voluntarily liquidated, its directors will be forced to stand trial in the federal courts. The company controls only 70 per cent. of the output of independent factories. The remaining 30 per cent. has profited by the prices established by the Imperial company, but has remained outside of the fold. Those on the outside have sold their products at advanced prices, but the Imperial company has stored a large proportion of its production. This situation causes the directors of the Imperial company to conclude that liquidation is the easiest way out of their difficulties and the Imperial company will probably be voluntarily dissolved.

WEALTHY PAPER MAKER IS DEAD

M. M. Armstrong Passes Away at Home of Sister at Johnsonburg.

M. M. Armstrong died yesterday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at the home of his sister at Johnsonburg, Pa. He was born at Philadelphia in 1831. He moved his parents to Sullivan county and lived on a farm until 14 years old when the family returned to Philadelphia. His father purchased a wall paper house, selling paper hangings and continued the business for many years and young Armstrong learned the rudiments of paper making.

The deceased was the vice president and a large stockholder of the New York and Pennsylvania company, which owns factories at Wellsboro, N. Y., Lock Haven and Johnsonburg. The plant at Johnsonburg started about 24 years ago. It is the second largest paper mill in the United States.

Mr. Armstrong went to Johnsonburg on a business trip for a week and was stricken with apoplexy Monday while working in the mill office. He never regained consciousness. — Friday's Kane Republican.

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE NEW FALL STYLES

For Men and Young Men Are ready at

MONHEIMERS

and they demonstrate that this season brings styles and values that outstrip anything ever shown, heretofore.

Look for evidence of special Trading value, in our windows—but the store is full of Elegant Suits and Overcoats for Men and Young Men at from $10.00 up to $25.00.

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

FURS FOR 1910-11

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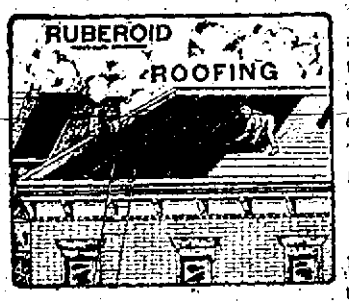

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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1880 1910

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Hiram's Butterfly

A Story of an Aeroplane

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It was poised on the rolling green turf of the west meadow and with its outspread wings looked very much like a great white butterfly.

"I call it an 'air flier,'" explained Hiram Butler to the little crowd of men and women who had gathered about the machine. "I feel justly proud of her too. Made every bit myself except the engine."

"Must have cost a pretty penny," drawled James Lummox enviously. "If it'd been me I'd rather have an automobile. You can take the hull family out in one of them cars."

"It do seem sort of a selfish contraption," put in Mrs. Deacon Skinner. "For instance, suppose you wanted to take Ellen out on a Sunday afternoon. Where the land would she sit?" She peered curiously at the broad leather strap that served as the single seat in the flying machine.

"I wouldn't want to go," snapped Ellen Butler, with an angry glance at her husband. "Catch me trusting myself in the air with any man!"

All the while that her husband was demonstrating the wonders of his invention, and even while he made a short experimental flight above the clover tops Ellen was thinking bitterly of the money that had gone into the useless machine. The bank account, savings of years, had been drained to its last dollar, and the mortgage which Hiram had placed on the house to get more money to perfect his patents seemed to Ellen like some huge blotch that would never be eradicated.

When the onlookers had gone away Ellen still remained, silently watching Hiram's movements about the machine. Presently he looked up, and his gaze met her hostile eyes. He straightened immediately.

"I wish you didn't feel so bitter about this, Ellen," he said soberly. "You know I wouldn't have taken the money out the bank or mortgaged the place if I didn't expect to make a hundred times as much with this invention.

"If it's a failure, Ellen," he went on quietly, "I'll take a job in the pin factory to Dodgeville till I've earned enough to put the money all back. I'll do it and run the farm too. But I'm not going to fail. Do you think I'd put that money in it if I hadn't felt pretty sure of success? I'm going up tonight too. Don't you want to see me?"

"No, I don't, Hiram Butler, and I wish you wouldn't fly over the house. The pesky thing might fall on it and knock off a chimney or come through the roof. Land knows, I'd like to keep a roof over my head even if I starve to death!" Ellen turned and proceeded toward the house without one backward glance at her husband.

Hiram stood by the machine, his shoulder drooping slightly, his broad forehead knitted thoughtfully. His brown eyes seemed to peer anxiously beyond the low lying hills as if timorous of the result of this evening's experiment. Budauet, the aviator, had an estate there, and he had promised Hiram he would buy the patent outright if the "air flier" would make a successful flight across the twenty miles of country that separated their respective homes.

Now, as he stood there in the pasture, his invention the public topic of the community, Hiram spoke as if in self defense against his neighbors' disapproval and his wife's bitter resignation.

"I may be a farmer born and bred," he said slowly, still with that farseeing glance across the hills, "and maybe that's the very reason I've invented a flying machine when I couldn't contrive a corn sheller or a mowing machine to save my life. It's the birds have done it. I've studied 'em till I believe I could almost fly myself."

The supper bell jangled noisily from the front porch, where Ellen awaited his coming. He was quick to catch the note of impatience in its brazen tongue and hastened toward the house. As he entered the kitchen his wife passed into the dining room and sat down at the table.

It was a silent meal, as had been all the meals in that house since the mortgage had rested thereon. At last Hiram pushed his plate aside and arose.

"I'm going down to the postoffice, Ellen. When I come back I'm going to make the longest flight I've ever attempted. If I succeed in getting over to Budauet's place he's promised to buy me out. You wouldn't want to come out and see me off?" He spoke a little wistfully.

Ellen's face turned obstinately away as she poured herself another cup of tea.

"Excuse me!" she said emphatically. "One ninny in the family is enough! If you get as far as the chicken house I hope you'll look up the chickens. You forgot 'em last night."

When she had cleared the table and washed the supper dishes Ellen stood in the doorway looking out into the moonlighted yard. Hiram had not yet returned from the village or else he was about to start on his strange aerial journey without coming to the house again.

Half curiously and with much uneasiness of mind, Ellen stole softly through the garden into the great pasture, which was flooded with pale moonshine. Tall, black shadowy cedars were grouped about the southern boundary, and now they were dew wet and smelled faintly aromatic.

Ellen approached the machine, which lay shrouded in its canvas blanket, and its very bigness suddenly attacked her with terror of the prospective journey and the danger that menaced her husband. She wrung her hands nervously, striving to think of some method that would deter Hiram from flying that night. Under the blue sky and sunshine it would not seem so dreadful—so dangerous.

Fifteen minutes later she was returning from the barn tugging at a long rope at the end of which a small anchor bumped over or stuck into the ground with annoying frequency. In the shadow of what she knew to be the rear of the machine Ellen paused and lifted the canvas. She surveyed the intricate machinery with a growing conviction that her husband must be deterred from making an ascension above the ground. Suppose some part should give way?

She had determined upon what special rod she would tie the rope and thus anchor Hiram to the ground until she could by wit or wile prevail upon him to give up the risky adventure, when she heard his approaching steps.

She whisked away in the shadow of the machine just in time to receive the mutiling folds of canvas in a cloud upon her form. She freed her head and shoulders and crouched unseen by her husband. Carefully he examined the air flier, trying, each bolt and nut, fingering a delicate adjustment here and there, his face stern and close lipped in the light of a small brass lantern held in one hand.

Then he moved forward; there was the heavy chugging of the engine, and Ellen's heart almost stopped still. In another instant it would be too late to detain him—he would be out of her reach, beyond her touch, and he could not hear her plea for pardon.

It had flown above the house. Ellen darted desperately forward; groped for and found the anchor, tied the rope hastily and clumsily to the nearest projecting rod, paused to tie another hard, square knot before jamming the flukes on the anchor into the soft turf.

With a whirring rush the machine started down the slope, the wheels revolving dizzily. The anchor whipped after, and somehow Ellen's hands closed desperately about the flukes, and then she felt herself rising upward with terrifying velocity.

Clutching the anchor, Ellen swept up with the machine very much like the tail to a gigantic kite. She heard Hiram's voice swearing vigorously, and she felt no horror. She closed her eyes tightly and held on. Her feet brushed treetops once or twice, and she knew she was above the cedar grove. Then one foot tangled in some crooked branch, and she lost her hold on the anchor. With a frightened cry she fell into the embracing arms of the close limbed cedars. Through an aperture in the branches she saw the air flier dart upward and away through the moonlight, the anchor dangling like a twisted thread, until the noise of the engine died away and all was still.

Cradled in the treetops, Ellen dared not stir for fear of falling. She was a slight woman, and she had fallen snugly into strong branches that curved upward like the ribs of a ship. Her hands were torn and bleeding, her face was scratched, and her twisted ankle pained horribly. But above all was the agony of belief that her husband had gone forth into space and would never return.

Too wretched to cry aloud more than once, she huddled, cold and stiff, through the long hours of the night. Owls hooted unpleasantly near, whippoorwills throbbed in the thickets, and all around were the sleepy twitter of birds and the soft brush of wind in the trees.

She must have fallen asleep, for the sound of her name called in Hiram's stentorian tones awakened her to pale daylight. There was anxious terror in his voice.

"Here I am," she called feebly, and then louder, until at last he came wonderingly to her rescue. It was not until they were within the house and she had sobbed out her wretchedness on his breast that Hiram spoke soothingly.

"Do you know what you did, Ellen Butler?" he asked. "I was in doubt about making a successful flight, but I didn't know what was the matter with the machine. That there anchor was the additional weight that balanced her perfectly. Whatever saved it from catching in the trees I don't know. It was a clear case of Providence all through, I guess, for you had a narrow escape. That there anchor sold the machine, Ellen, for without it I couldn't have got to Budauet's. As it is, it's sold for enough to raise the mortgage and make us pretty independent besides." He yawned sleepily and stretched himself.

"It's done more than that, Hiram," said Ellen gently, the tears shining in her penitent eyes.

"What's that?" he asked. And then, looking down into her upturned face, he kissed her and smiling whimsically, answered his own query. "Settled the first and last quarrel we ever had, eh?"

Ellen nodded assent. "And shows that even the tail of a kite may be useful." She shuddered a little at the recollection of her perilous flight, and Hiram paled suddenly as he stooped toward her. And then in the moment of reconciliation they forgot the white butterfly and the fortune it had made for them.

Ephraim's Luck

A Cat and a Girl Both Win

By EVELYN WINTHROP

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Amy Wallace slammed the gate of the chicken yard and came down the path with tragedy written on her stormy countenance and in the very pose of her outstretched hand from which dangled the lifeless remains of a promising young broiler.

"Another one?" queried her sister disconsolately. "That makes—let me see—seventy-two chickens killed in the last six weeks. At a dollar a pair those broilers would have fetched $36!"

"It is an outrage," sputtered Amy, flinging the defunct chicken far from her sight. "That cat must be killed at once!"

"Did you send Mrs. Beemer a bill for the chickens?" asked Louise, intent on her needlework.

Amy nodded. "Sent it Monday."

"Heard from her today?"

"Ye-es."

"Did she say she was a soldier's widow and that the gray cat was her only solace?" Louise smiled mischievously.

"Word for word. Laugh, if you must, young woman," went on Amy gloomily, "but remember, please, that I am not a talented female artist who can earn the price of a gown with a few daubs of paint. I am a mere, commonplace plodder, and I haven't a talent in the world save for poultry raising, and now I begin to doubt my ability to succeed at that."

"I'll see Mrs. Beemer myself," announced Louise, arising and folding her work with an air of decision. "She must either pay you $2 and promise immunity from further annoyance from the cat or she must kill the beast."

"She won't do either," mourned Amy from the piazza as Louise passed out of the gate and crossed the street to the abode of the Widow Beemer.

Louise Wallace found the Widow Beemer seated on the back stoop in the act of placing a saucer of milk before the huge gray cat, Ephraim.

"Evening, Louey," remarked the widow amiably. "It's some warmer today."

"It is," agreed Louise coldly. "Mrs. Beemer, that cat has got to go."

"You mean Ephraim?" quavered the widow.

"Of course."

"I'm a soldier's widow"— began Ann Beemer in the melancholy tone she reserved for that oft repeated statement, but Louise lifted a slim finger warningly.

"And Ephraim is your only solace," added the girl dryly. "We know all that, Mrs. Beemer, and we are very sorry, but you must see that we can't continue to lose chickens at this rate. It's preposterous. Ephraim seems to kill just for the mere pleasure of the deed. He's a cold blooded old murderer."

The pale gray Ephraim turned a light yellow eye in her direction, and a faint sneer lifted his black lip. Then his red velvet tongue darted in and out of the milk, and his eyes were hidden.

Ann Beemer sighed. "Very well," she sniffed tearfully. "I'll have to give him up, I guess. He's the only comfort I've got now. But you can just take him away and kill him, Louey. I'll kiss him goodby if you don't mind."

"If you will put the cat in a bag, Mrs. Beemer, I'll find somebody to dispose of him," interposed Louise impatiently.

With a hard little glitter in her black eyes, Ann Beemer brought a covered basket and thrust the scratching, spitting Ephraim within. She tied the cover securely and gave the basket into Louise's hands. Then she threw her checked apron over her head and rocked mournfully to and fro.

Louise paused at the gate and, looking backward, felt a pang of pity for the old woman. Then she thought of the mournful Amy across the street and Ephraim's bad reputation in the community as a chicken slayer and passed through the gate.

"I'll run around to Latimer's and see if one of the boys won't chloroform the cat. Amy will be relieved, indeed, when I return and tell her that Ephraim has gone to join his forefathers."

It was no light task to carry the shrieking basket within which the big gray cat fought tigerishly for escape. Her hands were quite sore when she reached the Latimer place and found herself in the midst of a curious group of boys and girls at the back door. Mrs. Latimer came out and joined them.

"I want somebody to chloroform a cat," said Louise. "It's Ephraim, you know; he's been killing off our broilers. I thought one of the boys might. I'll give a dollar."

Mrs. Latimer shook her head. "I don't want any of my folks to kill a cat, Miss Wallace; it's awful bad luck, you know. Perhaps Peter Swanson's folks will do it for you. Swedes don't believe in luck and such things."

"Very well," said Louise wearily. "Will you let Billy carry the basket for me? Ephraim's very heavy."

"I guess there won't be any harm in that—and he was wishing this morning that he could earn a quarter," insinuated Billy's shrewd mother.

"I'll see that he gets a quarter for the job," smiled Louise. And then, followed by the curious Billy and trailed by the remaining Latimers, they sought Peter Swanson, the blacksmith.

"I couldn't kill no cat, miss," said Peter apologetically, when Louise had told her story. "They tell me it brings bad luck. Yust now I can't afford no bad times. Maybe the Eyetalians in the Holler might"—

Louise sought the Italian settlement in the Hollow. Pietro Roncaglia averred that Ephraim possessed the evil eye and crossed his brown fingers shudderingly. Even the rattling crispness of greenbacks failed to break his resolution.

Old Abraham Johnson's black face expressed mingled greed and alarm when approached by Louise and her funereal train. He gazed longingly at the money and then clutched the voo doo charm that hung about his throat.

"I hate to dis'pint yo', Miss Louey, honey, but it am pow'ful bad luck to kill a cat. De bery debbil's in dat Ephraim. Folks say he's de recarnival ob ole Eph Beemer, hisself! I need de money right bad, too, miss—t'ank you, honey."

These were examples of the various interviews that Louise held that morning. Noon time found her at her own gate tugging the heavy basket containing the still active Ephraim. Her sister drew forward a rocking chair in the porch and Louise fell into its comfortable embrace.

"What is in the basket?" asked Amy.

"Ephraim."

"Tell me about it—do," crowed Amy.

Louise told her. "I can't find a person who will make way with that cat for love or money, and I believe Mrs. Beemer knew I couldn't—she gave Ephraim into my hands almost too willingly," she ended plaintively. "I didn't realize that intelligent people could be so silly and superstitious."

"We must dispose of the cat ourselves, then," said Amy firmly. "We are not superstitious."

"No, we are not, but it's horrible to kill anything like that, you know. I'll go out this afternoon and see if I can't find some boy who will do it. They can't all be fools."

At that instant the basket containing the doomed cat swayed violently on the grass where Louise had dropped her burden; then the cover flew up, and with a spiteful hiss Ephraim dashed out and scrambled up the black walnut tree over their astonished heads.

"That impish Tommy Latimer must have untied the cords," said Louise bitterly. "I saw him quarreling with Billy over the basket—and I gave them 50 cents too."

Amy had picked up a large stone and weighed it in her hand. "I believe I could hit that cat," she said viciously. "If I can it will stun him—perhaps kill him." She shuddered slightly, aimed the missile carefully at the crouching Ephraim, threw the stone and turned her back. Louise had closed her eyes tightly.

They heard the stone crash through the branches and then there followed a slight groan. After that, silence.

"I believe I killed him," moaned Amy.

"You certainly came very near it," said an exasperated masculine voice, and the sisters turned to view the indignant countenance of Mr. Rupert Ames. That young gentleman clutched one shoulder as if in pain.

Over his head Ephraim crouched, spitting angrily and sharpening his claws on the rough branch to which he clung.

"Did I strike you, Rupert?" demanded Amy penitently. "I was trying to hit the cat, you see."

"You must be very fond of him," observed Mr. Ames, drawing near to them.

"I'm very sorry. I hope you are not badly hurt. Fetch the witch hazel, please, Louise"—Amy let her hand rest in Rupert's close clasp longer than he had dared hope. "We hardly expected to see you," she added potentially.

"I felt that you needed me," lied Mr. Ames cheerfully. "My inner consciousness told me you were in trouble of some sort and required masculine assistance. What can I do for you?"

When Louis returned with the lotion they told the story of Ephraim and the slain broilers. "Will you kill the cat, Rupert?" they pleaded tearfully.

Mr. Ames shook his head. "I couldn't," he said regretfully. "You see, I'm superstitious, too, I am," he asserted in the face of their incredulous looks. "I know if I killed that cat and every one of his nine lives were extinguished—why, I'd never have a chance of marrying Amy after all!"

Louise smiled, and the swift color came to Amy's cheeks. "That was all settled six months ago," she said coldly. "I'm going to be an independent buisness woman and"—

"Very good," said Mr. Ames crisply. "I must be running along, now. My motor's down the road a piece—had a breakdown; you know, and just thought I'd drop in and see you. Hope you get the best of Ephraim."

Louise disappeared into the house, and Amy's face lost its color. "Then you won't kill Ephraim?" she faltered.

"I cannot, Amy, but I'll tell you how you can get rid of him. Just marry me and give up this notion of poultry raising. Louise is dying to get back to town, and I want you—I need you. Let Ephraim shift for himself."

"You merely happened in here. You had a breakdown," said Amy severely.

"My resolution not to see you broke down," confessed Rupert, drawing her into his arms. "For my part, it's great good luck not to kill a cat, eh, Ephraim?"

But the cat, taking advantage of lovers' meeting, was merely a pale gray streak headed for the welcoming arms of the Widow Beemer.

THE PRESENT INSTANT.

Science Defines It as the Hundredth Part of a Second.

A congress of European astronomers decided that the present time—that is the present moment at any particular instant—consists of the hundredth part of a second. This has been settled on because those men of science have thought that it represented the tiniest fraction of time which could be appreciated by the human brain. Yet the thousandth part of a second is actually used in physical science, especially in certain important uses of electricity.

For scientific purposes, however, the official present moment flashes from the future to the past in the hundredth part of a second. This cannot seem so remarkable when it is recalled that speed records for both horses and men runners are officially calculated in fractions as small as one-fifth of a second.

But in astronomy it is needed to have the hundredth part of a second, for in that moment light can travel 2,000 miles. So time, which is, after all, only a figure of speech and is a mystery that no human brain can understand or fathom, must be considered relatively to one's sensations. The time to pull an aching tooth is really much longer to the sufferer than a whole night spent in sound sleep. It is more of the person's actual life. It demands more food to stand the nervous strain and the pain than hours of quiet rest.

Time, then, for all men is relative to their personal sensations. Yet time is real enough. It takes actual time for starlight to travel, in some cases thousands of years. It takes time for sound to travel and time for the electric wave to work actual results over long distances.

So that time is not only theoretical; it is as real as coal and wood. Yet this reality stretches over a human lifetime back to ages before the existence of the sun and the stars. For purposes of ordinary human work the second is small enough to use as a standard of value, but scientific men have progressed so far in knowledge that the second is too long a period for them to consider as the scientific instant. Therefore they have chosen the hundredth of a second as the standard for the length of time that they will consider as the actual moment at any one instant.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Spoiled His Act.

A musical artist announced to his friends that he had a feature for his act that was calculated to make the whole profession sit up and take notice. Several days later he was asked to divulge his plans.

"Oh, that's all off," was the answer.

"Well, if it was such a wonderful thing what was it?" was the general inquiry.

"I had planned to have a real skeleton," the musical man replied, "with its ribs tuned up so that I could play music on it like a xylophone."

"Great! Why aren't you going to do it?"

The musician heaved a sigh of disappointment.

"I tried it," he answered, "but somebody sold me the skeleton of a flatfish man and I couldn't hit the ribs."—Youngstown Telegram.

A Closed Discussion.

They had argued long and furiously over the question, "Can a man marry his widow's niece?" and the highly talented lawyer in the corner had waxed eloquent over the marriage laws of every state in the Union, every country in the world, civilized and uncivilized, and had cited the affinity tables of every church and even the legislation of Lycurgus down to that of Brigham Young, when a young man quietly announced his intense desire to be informed where the deuce a man was when his wife was a widow?

Then the discussion closed down and fourteen excited controversialists ordered iced water.—New York Times.

A Fair Sized Trout.

The gentleman was strolling across a large estate when he came upon a man fishing. "What sort of fish do you catch here?" he said.

"Mostly trout," replied the man.

"How many have you caught?"

"About ten or twelve, sir."

"What is about the heaviest you have caught?" continued the gentleman.

"Well, I don't know the weight, but the water sunk two or three feet when I pulled it out."

Divides the Waters.

Situated exactly at the highest point of the divide of the Rocky mountains, on the Crow's Nest division of the Canadian Pacific railway, in British Columbia, is a hotel. When it rains in the mountains the water which falls on the eastern slope of the hotel roof trickles away to join a tiny rivulet, which in due time mingles its waters with the Atlantic. The water falling just beyond the ridgepole, on the other side of the roof, flows westerly and ultimately into the Pacific.

Lots of Them.

"There is one thing which has rather puzzled me."

"What is that?"

"When money talks does it always talk cents?"—Baltimore American.

His Argument.

"Dear, I only play poker for fun."

"But you bet, don't you?"

"Well, there wouldn't be any fun without a little betting."—Pittsburg Post.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—Collier.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Kinsloe.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry House, Montrose and Conway.
President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Binghamton.
State Senator—Frank M. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Shinglehouse; W. H. Mountain, Smethport.
Prothonotary—A. F. Barclay, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chesbro, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isbrowood, Rapdford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John A. Berlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—M. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. M. Ahners, Clermont; A. M. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—M. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette R. Hayle.

Borough.

Burgess—M. H. Cleveland.
Council—M. K. Heath, President; F. H. Stover, Secretary; J. W. Waite, M. W. Merkle, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justices—H. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—D. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gailey, secretary; W. F. Speaks, treasurer; John H. Eastman, M. M. Reddell, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. S. Carwin, W. M. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rabin.
Inspectors of Election—M. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 358, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HALL'H H. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

K. of T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE HAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 33, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA S. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. H. H. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. E. HUGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

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Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 9 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. B. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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The Photograph

Though Disappointing, It Has a Happy Result

By ALLAN P. AMES

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The old Kimball house stood alone on the side of the hill. Around it the acres that one generation had cleared and two others had profitably tilled during the golden age of New England agriculture were growing up to birch and white pine. But the hilltop pasture still furnished grazing for Betsy, the aged Holstein, and Jael, the pot-bellied mare, sole survivors of the stock that once crowded the white-washed barn, while in the garden grew potatoes, corn, turnips, beets and the other hardy truck that wintered in a corner of the big cellar and enabled the Kimball "girls" to sit by their air tight stove and watch with unconcern the storms that blocked the roads and sometimes shut them off from the store at the Center for days at a time.

Breakfast over and the dishes washed, the sisters went into the garden. Every pleasant day until the sun rose high and hot they worked there. Blue cotton gowns faded by constant washing covered their thin, bowed figures as they stooped over the onion bed or with the hand cultivator scratched the earth between the hills of beans and corn. Blue gingham sunbonnets protected their delicately wrinkled faces.

Miss Binley, seeing them for the first time, paused to study and admire. Against the background of yellow green cornstalks their bent figures stood out in harmonious relief. In the foreground the whitewashed fence, the prim flower beds and the old house with its rotting shingles and weather washed green blinds contributed a setting that appealed irresistibly to her artist soul.

For Miss Binley was an amateur photographer. She seldom walked abroad without her camera, but unfortunately this was one of the rare mornings when she had left her camera at home.

"Oh, Mr. Holbrook," cried the girl regretfully, "see those perfectly dear old women in that onion patch. What a genre study! I've often said it never was safe to go anywhere without a camera."

"I might run back and fetch it," suggested the carrier meekly.

"N-no," she replied reluctantly. "It's too far. Probably we can get them some other time. I'm going to speak to them."

Young Holbrook watched with adoring admiration the process by which the girl penetrated the barriers of New England reserve. Before the three women had conversed five minutes—something of Miss Binley's own abundant youth and enthusiasm began to sparkle in the faded eyes of the sisters.

"Oh, Marthy, don't you wish we could have ours taken again? We haven't had our likenesses made since we were girls. Remember, Marthy, you were thirty and I was thirty-five. You were a mighty purty girl in those days, Marthy."

"Oh, g'long," commanded her younger sister.

"It used to be a terrible lot of trouble," continued Phoebe. "We had to sit perfectly still for five minutes—couldn't stir, and it seemed like five hours."

"You wouldn't have to sit still at all now," said Miss Binley eagerly. "The process is instantaneous."

Eager assent was on the lips of Miss Phoebe, but her sterner sister forestalled her.

"That's very kind of you, miss, but we couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble."

Familiar with the fundamental characteristic of the older New England generation, Miss Binley advanced cautiously. Already, in her artist mind she saw the print she would make—a marvelous study of two gaunt figures wringing an unwilling toll from the harsh mountain soil. It was the subject she had been looking for all summer to enter in the fall exhibit of her camera club at home. "Oh, it won't trouble me in the least," she replied guardedly. "If you knew how I love to take pictures you would understand. Would you be here in the garden at this time tomorrow?"

"Yes," answered Martha, yielding. "But wouldn't you rather take us in the house. Do folks ever have their pictures taken outdoors?"

"The light is much better outside," explained Miss Binley. "And, besides, I wouldn't think of keeping you from your work. I'll come and take some snapshots of you just as you are—weeding the onions."

"You can come with me tomorrow," she said to Holbrook. "I had promised to drive with Johnny Larcom, but all engagements are off in the face of an epoch making chance like this."

The next morning brought weather perfect alike for pedestrianism and photography. The day was cool, and a thin haze tempered the rays of the mountain sun. Miss Binley ran down the steps to meet him, radiant with anticipation, and as he received the big camera from her hands Holbrook thrilled with the though' of another morning at her side.

"There's some one in the garden," said the young man as the last turn in the road brought them in sight of their destination. 'But they don't accord with my re ollection of the old ladies. Holy smoke!" gasped the youth. "It's they, all right, but no wonder we didn't recognise them."

Miss Binley gased, speechless in horrified amazement, as her two subjects approached the gate. Gone were the picturesque gowns and the sunbonnets of faded blue. In their place the Kimballs had donned a veritable riot of modistry. Their costumes paid tribute to the varying fashions of a full half century.

But the faded countenances of the Kimballs showed naught but pride and satisfaction, slightly tinged with embarrassment. "We set up most all night sortin' things over and decidin' what to wear," announced Miss Phoebe when they came within speaking distance. "Of course we wanted to do you credit, seein' you were so kind. These silk quilts cost a sight of money when Brother Hiram brought them from Concord. They're pretty well darned now, but all the mendin's on the inside where it don't show. Don't Marthy look scrumptious? She found that silk skirt she had made up for the Frost weddin' most as good as new."

Holbrook welcomed the old lady's volubility, for it was plain that for once his companion was at a loss for words. When Miss Binley finally found her voice it was so queer and strained that he scarcely recognized it.

"I—I'm sorry you went to all the trouble. Really, it wasn't at all necessary. In fact"—

"In fact," broke in Holbrook hurriedly—"nevertheless it was awfully good of you to fix up so. That certainly is a fine piece of goods, Miss Martha. It will show up splendidly in the photograph."

He rambled on thus, hardly realizing what he said, anxious only to cover the bitter disappointment that was written on Miss Binley's face so clearly that he felt it must be evident to all.

"'Twarn't the least bit of trouble," insisted Martha. "We really enjoyed fixin' things over, didn't we, Phoebe?"

Holbrook was wondering how long his powers of invention would stand the strain when, after a brief and—to him—uncomfortable pause, Miss Martha suggested fluidly, "We're all ready, miss, any time you say."

To Holbrook's intense relief this appeal brought Miss Binley to a sense of the situation. "Oh, yes," she said, rather wildly, "your clothes are beautiful. I'm going to send you each a dozen prints so that you can have plenty to give your friends."

Declining a hospitable invitation to stop for a "snack and a cup of tea," the girl and the young man somehow got through their farewells and walked away over the hill, leaving the wearied but thoroughly delighted old ladies gazing after them from their station by the front gate. In silence Holbrook lugged the camera, and without a word Miss Binley trudged beside him until the old house and its grotesquely clad occupants were hidden by the bend in the road. Then the girl said:

"Would you mind sitting here in the shade a minute? I really believe I'm a bit tired."

Immediately the youth was all anxious inquiry and suggestion.

"It must have been the sun. You have to be careful in these mountains. If you don't mind waiting here alone for a couple of minutes I'll hurry back and see if the old ladies won't lend me some kind of a rig to drive you back to the hotel, or maybe you'll let me carry you back to their house."

"Don't be ridiculous," ordered Miss Binley, with a slightly hysterical laugh. "There isn't a thing the matter with me." Then, noting his amazement, she burst out desperately: "I'm just fearfully disappointed, that's all. I don't believe I ever was so disappointed before in my life. But that's only part. I'm horribly ashamed of myself, too—even more ashamed than disappointed. Oh, I believe I'm the meanest girl in the whole state of New Hampshire."

"Why—er—er"— he started to protest.

"Don't pretend you don't comprehend," she interrupted. "You're ashamed of me too. You know you are. No; let me finish," she insisted, when he made as if to deny. "The worst of all is that even now, when I understand how mean and selfish it is to feel so, I'm just overwhelmed with disappointment still. You can't understand—nobody could but an artist. My heart was set on a picture of those dear old things in their delicious working clothes. And when I saw how they had gone and spoiled everything I felt so badly I didn't even want to conceal it."

Holbrook gazed with awe and quickening heartbeat upon a new and holier divinity—with quivering lips and dewy lashes, irresistible in her sweet repentance. In another moment he was on his knees on the grass beside her. Without hesitation, naturally as if he had done it as often as he had dreamed of doing it, his arm slipped about her. Just as naturally her head somehow found a comfortable place on his shoulder. Her hat fell off, and he kissed her shining hair.

"I do understand," he whispered; although there was none but the mountains to listen. "I understand, dear. I may be an ignoramus about photography and art, but I'm mighty well acquainted with Tommy Holbrook, and I know he knows that you're the sweetest, most unselfish, most— What I want to say is that I want to make carrying your camera my life job," he concluded desperately.

Miss Binley sat suddenly erect. An answer hovered on her lips, but faded into a smile as she picked up a black, leather covered object from the grass beside her and placed it in Holbrook's hands.

THE ONLY KILLING

That Troubled the Sheriff

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Jake Rodman was a sheriff in the then territory of Dakota. He had landed more desperadoes alive and dead than any other sheriff, but it must be admitted that by far the larger number were dead when captured, for very few of them could be taken alive. Besides Rodman didn't take any chances, for an officer of the law was no more immune from these people than any one else. I once asked him if he had any shrinking at killing one of them or any qualms afterward. He replied that if he had been built that way they would have landed him instead of his landing them.

"But there was one killin'," he said, "that has troubled me ever since. I wake up nights some time and get to thinkin' about it and always feel the same sinkin' about the heart. It was this way:

"Before I was made sheriff I was workin' on a ranch owned by a gentleman as had come out from the east. He had been a banker or somep'n like that, but had given up the business to bring his daughter, a little gal about nineteen, who was threatened with consumption, out here, hopin' the dry air would do her good. Havin' plenty of money the natural thing for him to do was to buy a ranch and stock it. But he didn't care nothin' about that, except to give him somep'n to do. He was bound up in his daughter Susie, just as everybody else was. Talk about heart winners, Susie could slaughter more people that way than any one I ever seen. There wasn't any one on the ranch or off'n it that wouldn't swaller a dose o' lead fer her.

"I never could tell jist what it was about her that had this effec', but I allowed the principal part of it was that her heart went out to everybody. When they was hankerin' to do somep'n fer her she was worryin' because they was puttin' theirselves out'n their way on her account. Besides, delicate people allus attract strong ones. Susie was so frail she looked as if the fust good wind that blew would carry her away. But besides all this thar was somep'n winnin' about her that no one could reckon on.

"I got ahead of every one else with her this way: I owned a blooded mare that was as easy managed as a kitten and could git along like the wind. Nothin' Susie liked better'n to ride on horseback, but she wouldn't ride any other horse than my Kate. I used to go with her lots o' times, fer her father wouldn't let her go alone and didn't like to have her go under the care o' any one else. I was only about ten years older than Susie and unmarried; but, laws, I'd as soon calculated on makin' love to some gal as come down from heaven. But this didn't matter no how, fer there was a young gent as had left college to go to ranchin' that Susie had met and tumbled to. In our rides together she got confidential with me and tole me all about it; tole me when the feller hisself didn't know nothin' at all about it. In fac', I was the only passon as knowed it except the little gal herself.

"This young man's (Dick Walcott) ranch was a matter o' fifty miles from ourn, which was known as the Courtney ranch from Susie's father, who owned it. But Walcott used to come over quite frequent, makin' excuses all the time, to see Susie. Gosh, how the young feller was wrapt up in her! He would any time have crawled on the ground before her. She tole me she didn't let on she cared any more for him than any one else, because she wasn't strong and healthy and wasn't willin' to pull any man down by marryin' him. Jist think o' this angel couldn' this to a rough feller like me when nobody else knowed it!

"There was one o' the herders in Mr. Courtney's employ that was a bad egg. He tuk some sort o' malice agin young Walcott. I didn't know the reason at first; I jist reckoned that Walcott had treated him like the galoot he was. This herder, Jim Stiggs, was not only a powerful man, but was one o' the quickest and straightest shots I ever seen; I allus allowed that if I had a dispute with him I wouldn't do much sleepin', but would keep my right eye on him continually till the fracas was settled. I was sorry he'd turned agin Walcott, for Walcott was no match fer him whatever—more of a feller to handle books than revolvers. Mind you, I wasn't thinkin' of Walcott; I was fearful for Susie, knowin' mighty well that if anything happened to him it would knock her into smithereens.

"Well, one day the secret of Stiggs' dislike came out with a vengeance. Susie came to me all of a flutter and a-wringin' of her hands and said:

"'Jim Stiggs has left here to go to the Walcott ranch to kill Dick. Stiggs has made love to me'—

"'What! That galoot made love to you?'

"'Yes; and of course I wouldn't listen to it. He has inferred how I feel toward Dick, and he went away saying he would kill Dick this very night. Can't you do something to stop him?'

"'How long has he been gone?'

"'Nearly two hours.'

"'Why didn't you tell me before?'

"'I didn't think of telling you.'

"Without another word I ran to the barn and got out Kate, saddled her, mounted and was about to ride away when Susie came up pantin'. She put her arms about Kate's neck and said, 'Kate, dear, take him in time to save him—for my sake—and I'll love you forever.'

"Not wishin' to lose time I broke away from her. I seen blood on her lips, and I knowed the excitement or the runnin' to the barn or both had brought on a hemorrhage.

"'Don't kill Kate,' I heard Susie say, and that was the last, for then I was out o' hearin'.

"I leaned down on the mare's neck and patted her and said, 'Yer doin' this for Susie, and I know you'll do yer best.'

"I reckon she understood, for she jist got down to a steady gait that she could keep all day and reel off the miles while she was a doin' in. I knowed Walcott's life depended on my gittin' there as soon as Stiggs, for I didn't reckon Stiggs would give his enemy any advantage. His way was to ride up behind a man, make a show o' givin' him a chance by callin' out to him and shoot him before he could turn.

"Stiggs had got a good start o' me, and he never rode a poor horse. But he didn't know any one was after him. Nevertheless it would be nip and tuck with me to overhaul him. Kate kept her steady gait till we got within about five miles o' the Walcott ranch, when across the grazin' ground I saw Stiggs ridin' along at a good pace. Then I said to my mare:

"'Now or never, Kate. Remember, what Susie said to you.'

"She knowed what I was a sayin', and she got over the ground like a greyhound. We was within a mile o' the ranch when, strikin' a soft bit o' ground, the mare stumbled and fell, shootin' me over her head. I tried to pull her up, but it was no use. Her left foreleg was broke.

"I used my own legs the rest o' the way. I near'd the ranch in time to see Stiggs ridin' down the bars to go in. As bad luck would have it, there was Walcott standin' with his back to Jim, watchin' a colt as was puttin' a horse through his paces. I seen Stiggs rein and ride on toward the man in the yard, drawin' his revolver at the same time.

"Before Stiggs' behind there might be occasion for a long range shot, I'd hooked a Winchester to my saddle and brought it from where Kate fell. Stiggs was at 'a been 1,200 to 1,500 yards away, but I knew Walcott's life depended on my bringin' his enemy down at that distance. I took a good aim, fired, and Stiggs tumbled off'n his horse.

The narrator paused to light a pipe.

"I suppose," I said, "this is the killing you referred to that has always troubled you. You excused the man because he acted from love."

"I troubled about killin' Jim Stiggs! Not much! It's another killin' that bothers me. As soon as I seen Stiggs drop I went back to Kate. She had saved the man Susie loved, and Susie had told me not to kill her. But there was Kate lyin' on her side with a broken leg. There's but one thing to do with a horse in that condition—shoot him. Kate when she saw me comin' whinnied, and when I reached her there was a mighty sad look in her eye. She was an intelligent animal and knowed that it was all up with her.

"I tuk my revolver from its case. Kate glanced at it and at me. If ever a horse said in plain language 'Don't kill Kate' that horse said it. Or was it because I was seein' the little girl standin' there with the drop of blood on her lip—the death mark—and heard her say it agin?

"I scarcely think I'm the kind o' man to be chicken hearted. Leastaways I wouldn't mind cuttin' a deer's throat after shootin' it when it looks appealin' like outer its soft eyes, but I showed the white feather at shootin' Kate. And I never could tell whether it was most because I loved Kate or whether I was conscience struck at havin' to go back on the little gal that tole me not to kill her. I walked away fer a few rods, then turned and come back. When I did that I could a-blowed her head off. I put the muzzle o' my revolver to her brain, pulled the trigger and fired. All the while she was lookin' at me as much as to say 'Much obleeged.'

"I walked four miles to a house, borryed a spade, went back and buried Kate. Then I walked all the way back to the Courtney ranch. I wasn't in a hurry to git there neither. Leastaways I wouldn't 'a' been if it wasn't to tell Susie that the man she loved had been saved. Seemed as if I'd only done half what she wanted me to do. I had stopped Stiggs from doin' any damage, but I had killed Kate.

"Wual, when I got to the ranch I seen sump'n had happened. Everybody was lookin' solium. They tole me Susie had been havin' hemorrhages. They tole me, too, that she was waitin' fer me to come back, and I was to go right up to her as soon as I come. When I went into the room where she was she was gaspin'. I knowed it was all over with her. She asked with her eyes if I'd got there in time. I said right off, 'It's all right.' She looked happy fer a minute, then managed to say:

"'Kate?'

"'Then I told the allfiredest lie I ever tole in my life:

"'She's all right too.'

"Susie died soon after that.

"The killin o' Kate is the only one o' my killin's that wears on me. But I don't know exactly what the reason is, whether it's because o' Kate or because o' Susie."

BUYING A PLACE

The Price Went Very High, Then Dropped

By LUCY K. WYNKOOP

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A young man pulling a boat on a New England lake rested on his oars before a plank landing, on which stood a young woman evidently waiting for something.

"Beg pardon," he said to her, "is there a road behind those houses up there leading down to the railroad station at Parkville?"

"Yes, there is," was the reply.

The young man gaped about him as though interested in the lay of the land. He was really interested in the girl, who was quite comely. He was trying to think of some other question to ask her in order to keep up a conversation.

"Can you tell me who occupies that white house up on that crest?" he asked.

"Dr. Egerton."

There was another pause. The replies were so exactly to the point that they did not invite any further questioning. However, the young man was not to be dropped.

"I'm looking for a place like that on this lake," he said. "I wonder if it could be bought."

"I suppose there's hardly a piece of property in the world that cannot be bought if the purchaser is willing to give a large enough price."

"I've looked over all these New England lakes with a view to buying a summer residence, and I like this bit of water better than any of them. My mother and sister won't go to hotels, and I don't like them myself. We wish a place where we can go as soon as spring opens and stay till late in the autumn."

The young lady evinced no interest in the young man's family plans and made no reply.

"That place up there would suit us exactly," he continued. "I would like to spend all the rest of my summers there. The view must be fine."

"There would be no harm in your trying to buy it," said the girl. "You might write a note to the owner asking if any sum you would be prepared to pay would be accepted."

"Thank you very much for the suggestion."

At that moment there were sounds of motorboat engine explosions, and a launch was seen making for the landing. It soon pulled up there under care of a single boatman. The young lady got aboard and, without so much as a look at the oarsman, was carried away.

"Mighty fine looking girl," he said to himself—"well but plainly dressed, and, with an air of being somebody. I wonder who she is."

Jack Aborn was an enormously wealthy young man, having inherited the bulk of his father's property, and was accustomed to having anything money could buy that he desired. There was something unique in the Egerton place that struck his fancy. He couldn't very well build such a place. To begin with, he couldn't get the site; then it would require half a century to grow the trees. Besides, there was an old fashioned look about the whole place that could not be imitated. As the young lady had said, there would be no harm in trying to buy it, and he resolved to drop the owner a note asking if he would consider an offer.

He did so and received a reply written in a woman's hand as follows:

Dr. Egerton desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your note asking if an offer for this place will be considered and to say that it has been in the Egerton family so many years that there is at present no intention on the part of the owner to sell it. However, the doctor would like to know what it would bring. Yours truly, SARAH H. M'CARTHY, Secretary.

Aborn was sufficiently versed in business methods to waste no further time in correspondence; he called upon Dr. Egerton for a conference. He was received by Miss McCarthy, a middle aged lady, who told him that the doctor had gone to the city but that she (the secretary) had charge of such business matters as required attention in the doctor's absence and had power to act. Aborn asked what the property would bring if offered openly for sale, and Miss McCarthy said she thought it would easily sell for $30,000. Whereupon Aborn made an offer of $40,000 for it. The secretary said that she would transmit the offer to her principal and would write him.

In due time a note came to Aborn stating briefly that his offer would not be accepted. He was quite ready to raise it, but did not like dealing through a third party. He called again on the doctor, but was again disappointed at not seeing him. The doctor was at home, but very busy. Aborn left word with the secretary that he would raise his bid to $50,000.

A reply to this came to him that astonished him. It was this:

Dr. Egerton desires me to inform Mr. Aborn that, inquiries having been made as to his financial standing and his ability to pay for any purchase he might make, the responses are perfectly satisfactory. But the doctor has also been informed that Mr. Aborn is one of those young men who, having inherited large means, think they can acquire anything they fancy. Surely there is no property without a price, but the price on the Egerton place is in proportion to Mr. Aborn's enormous fortune. It is enormously high. Yours truly, SARAH H. M'CARTHY.

Aborn was not only astonished at this reply; he was mad. At first he determined to drop the matter in contemptuous silence, but he was too irritated to do this. Besides, he was curious to discover what sort of man this doctor was who would go so far out of his way to insult a man whose only fault was a desire to possess the Egerton homestead. He determined to make one more effort to see him. He called, but again was obliged to be content with seeing the secretary, the doctor having again gone to the city on important business.

"Is this doctor," he asked in an irritated tone, "a regularly educated physician or a quack?"

"Dr. Egerton is something higher than even a regularly educated physician. The doctor's title is doctor of philosophy."

"What, then, does he do for a living?"

"The doctor is a sociologist."

"Oh, I see; has something to do with the running of the town charities."

"City charities principally."

"I know a man who has such a position, but he doesn't get much of a salary."

To this there was no response.

"Well," continued Aborn, "I wish you would tell this sociologist that he'd better cut out his degree till he has learned to treat his fellow men with proper civility. I had a perfect right to inquire whether he would sell his place and was led to believe that an offer would be acceptable even if not accepted. Then I receive an"—

"You have not yet offered enough. The doctor holds the property far above its intrinsic worth on account of its having been so long in the family."

Aborn, being angry, thought how nice it would be to offer a price this insulting sociologist could not afford to decline.

"Very well," he said, "tell him I'll give him $100,000 for it. When will he be at home?"

"Tomorrow."

"I'll call for the reply."

Aborn looked over the premises as he went away and determined to give double the price offered if necessary, buy adjoining tracts and make the place a paradise. Though he did not know it, all this fever to possess the place was born of his desire to have his own way in everything and to take revenge for having been told the truth.

The next morning Aborn was rowing on the lake when he met the girl he had seen on the landing. She was in a canoe.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but"—

The girl stopped paddling and waited.

"Perhaps you will remember suggesting that I write the owner of the white house up there asking if he would like to sell the place?"

"Well?"

"What kind of a man is he anyway?"

"Dr. Egerton is a very level headed person. Anything the doctor tells you has weight to it."

"H'm! He's no gentleman."

"The doctor's very plain spoken."

"I should think he is."

"I hope my suggestion hasn't led to anything disagreeable."

"Oh, the suggestion was very sensible as well as very kind."

"Is the place for sale?"

"I suppose it is. But for a man who gets probably $75 a month for running the poor he's mighty independent."

The girl made no reply to this. Indeed, she indicated that the dialogue didn't interest her by putting her paddle in the water. Aborn dipped his oars, and they pulled apart.

During the afternoon Aborn called at Dr. Egerton's to learn if $100,000 would buy a place worth not over a third of that amount. He had given up any expectation of seeing the doctor. Indeed, he rather thought it better he should not. He feared he would be tempted to punch the man's head. He was standing in the drawing room looking out through a window on the lake when, hearing a rustle of woman's clothing behind him, he turned, expecting to see the secretary. What was his amazement to see the girl he had met first on the landing and the same morning in a canoe. Her eyes were bubbling with mischief.

"W-w-hat does this mean?" he stammered.

"You called to see Dr. Egerton, did you not?"

"Yes."

"I am Dr. Egerton."

"You?"

"Yes. I am Cornelia Egerton, Ph. D."

"I see."

It was scarcely necessary for him to add anything to these two simple words, for it was evident that his eyes had been opened.

"Very stupid of me, wasn't it?"

"Be seated. I owe you an apology. The temptation was too strong for me."

"How about that information you got about me?"

"Made out of whole cloth."

"Your secretary?"

"My aunt."

"She said something about your running society charity bureau."

"Heaven has blessed me with great wealth. I consider myself simply as its dispenser. In order to dispense it intelligently I studied sociology."

"Heaven has also given me great wealth, but it hasn't occurred to me to give it away till after my death, when I shall have no use for it."

"Better adopt my plan."

"Do you really own this house?"

"Yes, but I own another I like better. You may have this one for what I consider it worth—$20,000."

"Done!"

A year later the doctor went with the house.

Women and the Commune

"The mad fury which seemed to have taken possession of the mob in Paris found its most enthusiastic exponents in the women who were anxious to proceed to the extreme measures which the men deprecated" writes Lady St Helier in her book "Memories of Fifty Years" "The organized corps de petroleuses were a savage crew who had no feeling of pity or mercy in their hearts and would have sacrificed even those they loved most dearly to the cause which they had espoused They co-operated actively with the commune deluging what public buildings they could with petroleum and then setting light to them, and most of the fires that broke out in Paris on the entry of the troops originated through their action They went down into the streets and fought at the barricades showing superhuman courage, and when one of the great fights took place at the barricade in the Rue de la Paix which was defended by the communists the first person to mount it and to hoist the red flag of the revolution was a woman"

Cutting Off Noses

Rameses II of Egypt cut off the nose of any person convicted of treason or arson. Artaxerxes another Egyptian ruler, punished robbers in the same way After each nose had been amputated back even with the bridge the culprit was sent to a colony of noseless felons, the place of banishment being known as Rhinocolura from the nature of the punishment its colonists had undergone

In England in 1671 Lord Coventry then great keeper of the British seal had his nose cut off by order of the king because he had dared to ask some questions about business when playing at Drury Lane theater

A certain Sir Jerome Sankey that he had been killed in the army of Frederick the Great and a fraudulent manner had his name imprinted by order of that sovereign who spoke of the punishment as making the mark on the front of the face

The Ameer Was Thorough

There were many instances of suicides in the Indian mutiny Among the Hindus Once in the power of their foes many gained the compassion by the promptness with which they cut off their own noses and presented them with a request that they would remain with the ameer who appreciated to the utmost the delicate mark of attention Sir Charles Wright Sir Charles complied in kind and met with the same reply He still thought that the ameer was treating a serious matter with less consideration than it deserved but thought it advisable to say no more on the subject About a week afterward he was invited by the ameer to ride with him They rode for some distance outside the town, and they passed gibbet after gibbet At length Sir Charles said "Your highness has been busy, I see" "Oh" replied the ameer "they are our little lot" He had seized all the members of the would be assassins family and hanged every one of them

To Husband and Wife

Preserve strictly the principles of your own house your married state and your home Let no flights of mother or sister or brother ever presume to come between you or strike the joyous chords that bind you two close

With mutual help build your quiet world Let no wing, your dearest earthly friends to be the confidant of aught that harms your domestic peace Let no hints of alienation if they do be heard at once Never no never speak ill of each other but to each other and all will come out right Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance Renew and renew your vow It will do you good and thereby your minds will grow together united in that love which is stronger than death and you will be truly one —National Magazine

Dogs and Fleas

If your dogs are troubled with fleas a very simple way to get rid of the pests is to provide beds of fresh cedar shavings or better cedar excelsior in the kennels or wherever the dogs sleep The scent is not at all unpleasant to the dogs but is abhorrent to the fleas When a dog's coat gets thoroughly scented not only do the fleas leave him while asleep but they will not jump upon him when he is out during the day — Brooklyn Eagle

Entirely Apt

At first glance the novel's title, 'The Rainbow,' seemed to be lacking in significance but as it afterward developed that the hero blushed crimson, was blue with the cold had his lips grow gray was seized by a black rage fell into a brown study, grew green with envy, purple with indignation livid with fear yellow with chagrin and scarlet with embarrassment, the title proved to be entirely apt.—Puck.

Mnemonics

"Why do you always put a pitcher of water and a glass on the table before an orator?"

'That' said the chairman of many reception committees is to give him something to do in case he forgets his piece and has to stop and think"—Washington Star

Quite Strong

Grocer—Good morning Mr Popple How are those eggs I sent you?

Popple—Better thank you They are gaining strength every minute

The more you speak of yourself the more you are likely to lie,—Zimmerman

When the Hen Crows.

Willsford in his Nature Secrets' 1678 writes

"Beasts eating greedily and more than they used to do presages foul weather and all small cattle that seem to rejoice with playing and spetting themselves foreshews rain Oxen and all kinds of neat, if you do at any time observe them to hold up their heads and snuffle in the air or lick their hoofes or their bodies against the hair expect then rainy weather Asses or mules rubbing often their ears or braying much more than usually they are accustomed presages rain Hogs crying and running up and down with hay or litter in their mouths foreshews a storm to be near at hand The little sable beast called a fitch if much thirsting after blood it argues rain The cock if he crows in the day time very much or at sunsetting or when he is at roost at unusual hours as it were to expect some change of weather and that suddenly but from fair to foul or the contrary But when the hen crows good men expect a storm within doors and without

Lured Into Bathing

In a railway carriage that the other day a London medical man told a good story which had come within his own experience A mother was frequently bringing her child to him for treatment, but the doctor could discover nothing amiss except its need of a good wash She was certain the infant was suffering from some terrible complaint, and begged the doctor to do his best He prescribed a daily wash with the water in which potatoes had been boiled Never suspecting that his remedy was a ruse to get the child washed the mother followed the instructions to the letter Rosy cheeks dimpled and clean healthy limbs did indeed make the mother's heart glad She sounded the doctor's praises everywhere and invited friends to test the efficacy of potatoes for themselves curiously enough not one of the latter would be induced to try the application of soap and water

A Spanish Ship Treasure

In the first half of the present century a certain ship of war was launched and named Hermione the property of the Spanish ship that name captured in May 1762 by H M S Active Her Captain surrendered to the Active without action and the treasure was found but Pitt sunk in and conveyed to London in twenty chests which with British colors over Spanish and a escort of sailors The whole procession reached London on Aug 12 the day on which George IV was born On being sold the treasure realized £519 705 Its value and the shares of the officers and men of the Active was as follows The captain got £36 981 three commissioned officers each £11 093 15s 3d eight warrant officers each £1 846 5s 8d twenty petty officers each £369 1s 9d 158 seamen each £87 5s 1d Pall Mall Gazette

Jury Penalties

Nowadays no penalty is enforced when the twelve men chosen to form the jury are unable to agree upon a verdict Formerly however a refractory jurymen was mulcted in a fine and the verdict of the eleven was set In the reign of King Edward III the Judges decided that a verdict given by a majority was a nullity and recommended that the judges should carry the jury about with them in a cart till they should agree The old custom that jurors should fast until they had agreed in their verdict prevailed long but was mercifully relaxed somewhat in later times and during Queen Elizabeth's reign a banquet was usually given to the jury by the successful party to a suit—St Paul Pioneer Press

Science and Cheese

A medical authority kindly assures us that as long as cheese is not decayed it will not affect the health of the consumer This is a fact that we have suspected for a considerable time But how is the ordinary cheese epicure to detect the difference unless he waits for results?

There is cheese so thoroughly disguised in the costume and aroma of decay that its proper standing on the sanitary testing table would puzzle a conjurer

For instance there is the brand known as limburger

But why pursue the subject?—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Circumventing Papa

Reginald I'm awfully sorry, but papa says he doesn't want to see you coming here any more

Boadicea, your father's wish is law He shall not see me again if I can help it What evenings in the week does he spend downtown? —Chicago Tribune

Force of Habit

A thousand stars are looking down on you this night said the poetic young man to the girl

And she unconsciously put her hands up to arrange the position of her hair

Official

We have had an official warning not to burn much gas this month

'I never heard of such a thing'

'Oh yes it was last month's bill"—Buffalo Express

Made It Clear

Now Clarice says the Boston Globe don't get those things twisted You can't airplanes see through binoculars ride bicycles wish you had biplanes and marry bipeds

Truly Answered.

Boats trading in the Medway in former years rejoiced in rather curious names, and the following was only one of the many amusing incidents resulting from this

A boat named 'What's That to You' passing a lockyard at nighttime was hailed as usual by the coast guards man

Boat ahoy! Your captain's name?"

"Captain X."

"And what are you laden with?"

'Coals"

"Where bound for?"

"Chatham"

"Ship's name?

"What's That to You?"

"I asked you the name of the ship"

'What's That to You?"

"You shall be reported for your insolence" roared the coast guardsman Again he put the question and receiving the same reply, the boat was commanded to remain where she was

In the morning two hoys were seen keeping guard The officials as they boarded the vessel with full authority to seize the offenders observed for the first time the name painted in large letters Amid the laughter and jeers of the crew of the 'What's That to You' they pulled moodily away —London Telegraph

Political Passions of 1844

There were flickers of picturesque mess and drum in the polls of the before the war time which are lacking nowadays Miss Rutland tells in her autobiography of a Whig rally which makes the political meetings of today seem tame and dried up affairs It was in 1844 the year of Clay's defeat, the feeling ran high At that pitiful time John Tyler was perhaps the most unpopular man in the United In the progress of the review of national affairs the event at last came to the hated name Instantly uprose the magistrate Captain Coe the field officer and finally the scribe and all present cast the invariably vote The Tyler men have mercy upon the traitor Gerrit his voice was lost in the yells and screams which the mention of which the Ball was cast Tell with cries I always cast it for Tyler for mercy upon this country's John Tylers name is in unison Amen and Amen

Dirt Made Gold

The invention of a Frenchman chemist also that gold in the electric furnace boils five or ten times at a temperature of 2 100 degrees C In two or three minutes it is said from 100 to 150 grams of gold pass into the state of vapor In condensing upon a cold body this golden vapor forms uniform masses and cubic crystals At its temperature of ebullition gold dissolves a little carbon which at the time of resolidification is deposited in the form of graphite In an alloy of gold and copper copper distills first In an alloy of gold and tin the tin distills more abundantly than the gold and when a small quantity of these mixed vapors is taken the tin burns on contact with the oxygen of the air forming oxide of tin colored purple by a little dust of oxide of gold This is one method of preparing the color known as purple of Cassius —Harpers Weekly

Ordinance No 85.

Ordinance relative to the opening of Washington street, below Water Street

Be it enacted, and it is hereby ordained by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania that the portion of Washington Street lying between the South line of Water Street and the north line of the right of way of the Smethport Railroad Company, which same is a part of the street surveyed and shown on the map made by J A Seymour, C E, which map is on file in the Council rooms of the said Borough, be and the same is hereby declared a public street and open for public travel

That the distance from the lot lines to the curb or gutter line be twelve feet, and not less than eight feet of which shall be appropriated for side walk purposes; that from the curb or gutter line there shall be a distance of four feet reserved for the purpose of a gutter, and the balance of the distance, viz, thirty four feet to be used for the road bed

J CLAYTON BACKUS,
President

Attest
F H BIEVER,
Secretary

Approved this 5th day of October, A D. 1910.—

S H CLEVELAND,
Burgess Oct 6 3t

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION

Number One
A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section twenty six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

Resolved (If the Senate concur), That the following amendment to section twenty six of article five of the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof —

That section 26 of Article V., which reads as follows. "Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform, and the General Assembly is hereby prohibited from creating other courts to exercise the powers vested by this Constitution in the judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Orphans' Courts;" be amended so that the same shall read as follows —

Section 26 All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; but, notwithstanding any provisions of this Constitution, the General Assembly shall have full power to establish new courts, from time to time, as the same may be needed in any city or county, and to prescribe the powers and jurisdiction thereof, and to increase the number of judges in any courts now existing or hereafter created, or to reorganize the same, or to vest in other courts the jurisdiction theretofore exercised by courts not of record and to abolish the same whenever it may be deemed necessary for the orderly and efficient administration of justice

A true copy of Resolution No 1
ROBERT McAFEE
Secretary of the Commonwealth

Number Two
RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote

Resolved (If the House of Representatives concur), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, be, and the same is hereby proposed in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof

That section one of article eight be amended by striking out the four hundred paragraph thereof, so that the said section shall read as follows

Section 1 Every male citizen twenty one years of age possessing the following qualifications shall be entitled to vote at all elections subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact First He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month

Second He shall have resided in the State one year (or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned then six months), immediately preceding the election

Third He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election

A true copy of Resolution No 2
ROBERT McAFEE
Secretary of the Commonwealth

Number Three
A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County

Section 1 Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof —

That section six of article five be amended by striking out the said section and inserting in place thereof the following

Section 6 In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue as shall be provided by law

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption

A true copy of Resolution No 3
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth

Number Four
A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof"—

Amendment to Article Nine,
Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows.—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law, but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation,' so as to read as follows —

Section 8 The debt of any county city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum in the aggregate, at any one time upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted Provided That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained

A true copy of Joint Resolution No 4

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth

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